

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Marshaling the Hosts.

In the marshaling of the nations for the coming great continental war, which is sure to leave indelible marks on the map of Europe, it will not be uninteresting to have presented a statement of the military force, disposable for the struggle, on the part of the principal combatants. There are, of course, other considerations besides heavy "battalions" which go to decide victory in the great game of war. These, apart from moral and physical stamina, may be summed up in the comprehensive word, "resources"—money, credit, supplies, arms. But we must remember that European armies are not paid as ours were; often not paid at all; and that European rations are not, nor were they ever, more than a poor approximation, whether as regards quality or quantity, to ours. The country occupied by a European army is literally eaten out, and the poor producers are not paid, nor do they even receive promises to pay, for what they lose. War in Europe is a real scourge, a devastation, to which our war affords no parallel, except, in a mild way, in "Sherman's march to the sea."

A European army of one hundred thousand men may, therefore, be raised (by conscription, and with no expense for bounties), for one-twentieth what a corresponding army cost us; be kept in the field and fed (after a fashion) for one-tenth, and so on. Consequently, the bankruptcy of Austria and the

poverty of Italy may not be such weighty drawbacks to their efficient action as our people might, at first, suppose.

Returning, then, to the numerical forces of Austria, Prussia, Italy, and the possible participator in the *melee*, France:

At latest accounts Prussia had under arms 647,000 men, exclusive of the municipal guards. This force is to be reinforced by another *corps d'armée* of 64,000 men. The Prussians had also in the field, at last accounts, 132,000 horses and 1,008 guns, one-half rifled.

Austria had, as nearly as can be computed, and in round numbers, 800,000 men in the field, including the levies from Venetia, which serve under duress, and those from Hungary, which will fight only under compulsion.

Italy has at least 400,000 men in regular service, and it is safe to assume that they will be reinforced by from 100,000 to 200,000 volunteers under Garibaldi and other republican leaders, who will make up in enthusiasm what they may lack in drill and experience.

Italy will, of course, co-operate with Prussia; and the opening of the war will show Prussia and Italy with 1,200,000 men in arms, against Austria with 800,000. But Austria, geographically and strategically, occupies a central position, while Prussia and Italy must attack from the outside. To this advantage—which is a great one, considering that her possession of "the Quadrilateral," the four famous fortresses of Venetia, will enable her to hold in check,

with a vastly inferior force, the whole Italian army, and before which Louis Napoleon shrank back—we say, to this advantage, she may count upon the support of nine out of fifteen of the minor German States. On the presentation of the issue between Austria and Prussia before the Federal Diet, the vote for mobilizing the Federal armies was passed by nine to six, notwithstanding Prussia declared, in advance, that she should regard all the States voting for the measure as enemies. We do not yet know what States sided with the respective disputants; but we may assume that Austria will obtain the principal part of the Federal soldiery, numbering about 300,000 men.

The advantage thus accruing to Austria may, however, be regarded as considerably more than compensated for by the unquestioned naval superiority of Italy in the Mediterranean, which may enable her to turn the famous "Quadrilateral," and operate from Trieste, or Venice itself, against the Austrians.

As a possible participant in the quarrel, we may observe of France, that her army in 1865 mustered upward of 400,000 men, which may easily and rapidly be run up to 800,000. Her navy, of course infinitely superior to that of all the other combatants, is, however, likely to be of little account as against Austria—in case the greed or policy of the Emperor should lead him to interfere as against that power. We are inclined to doubt the probability of such an intervention, since it is discernible that Russia, with its army of 1,000,000 of men,

is not disposed to permit Austria to be humbled (notwithstanding her unfriendly conduct during the Crimean war), nor sensibly curtailed in territory.

It is safe to say, that at this moment, there are in Europe not far from 4,000,000 of soldiers under arms, and directly opposed to each other, or who may become so within the next twelve months. The shock of such an encounter cannot fail to effect changes, impossible to foresee, but which must be great, if not radical—involving not limits alone, but the forms and very principles of government. The spirit of '48 is not dead in Europe; and if roused again, it will leave no room for constitutional perjuries, nor will it listen, with a faith once so bitterly betrayed, to the protestations and oaths of kings, and the lesser spawn, which impiously assume their rights to be "divine."

OUT ALL NIGHT.

The illustration on this first page, from the picture by J. T. Beard, seems in itself a very simple matter, but we suspect the artist intended it to tell a most instructive story, and in the sad plight in which he has represented the unlucky dog, whose roving propensities tempted him to leave his kennel and risk forbidden pleasures, has leveled his shafts at those of the human species, who, in their quest of enjoyment, often involve themselves in difficulty and disgrace. It is not our purpose, however, to trace out the moral suggested by the subject; our readers can do that for themselves, according to their various tastes and experiences; we would rather call attention to the ex-



"OUT ALL NIGHT."—FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY J. T. BEARD, ESQ.

pression and attitude of this brute family, so finely depicted. The "Head of the House," weary of home comforts, has gone out "to see the sights," and being somewhat unsophisticated, has fallen among tormentors, and met with very shabby treatment. Ill-used and disgraced, he gladly seeks the quiet and protection of home, but madame, his companion, extends to him anything but a cordial welcome, and appears disposed to dispute his right to a place in the hitherto well-ordered and happy kennel. Weary, wounded, ashamed and repentant, he looks the promise of reform, and doubtless has come to the conclusion, from the experience of one night, that "there is no place like home." The picture will bear study, and the more we extend and apply its lessons to the habits of society, the more we will see in it a rebuke to folly and a warning against excess.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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Is this the Nineteenth Century?

Is this the first decade of the last half of the nineteenth century? Is this the eighteen hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the inauguration of the Christian era, and of the birth of Him who was to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men"? Has our boasted civilization and our religion, after all, resulted in what we see around us?—Nineteenth of the Christian world in open war, or breathlessly awaiting the dread moment when "Red Battle" shall stamp his foot? Have all our improvements in locomotion, in transmission of intelligence, production and exchange of commodities, only resulted in giving concentration, strength, and deadly effect to the worst and most malignant passions and faults of our nature?

So it would seem! We repeat, nine-tenths of the so-called Christian world are in arms, or may, at any moment, be engaged in deadly strife. Not two years have elapsed since the dominating nation of the Western World closed the most terrific and bloody contest known in the annals of mankind. How stand her neighbors on this continent now? Canada feverish and unsettled, after the first onset of a subtle and persistent foe; Mexico, the theatre of a prolonged and implacable struggle; Chile, Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador struggling against a monarchical enemy; Brazil, with the Argentine Republic and Buenos Ayres in an unequal contest against Paraguay; Jamaica still smelling of slaughter; the embers of revolution not yet cold in Hayti and San Domingo!

In Europe, Austria, with all her dependencies and her sympathizers in the Germanic Confederation, arrayed against Prussia and Italy; France silently arming in view of eventualities apparent to every mind; Russia and Turkey confronting each other in the Principality, and threatening a conflict that must drag England into another war, which may re-light the fires of insurrection in India; Ireland under military rule, and heaving with revolution; Spain involved in a struggle in South America and racked by dissensions at home!

Are all these omens, these throes, these prospective and actual conflicts, portents of "Armageddon"? Can Christian, philosopher, or statesman reconcile all these conditions and fearful actualities with the theory or principles of religion and civilization? Are these terms only empty and cant phrases for bad men and charlatans to play and juggle with? Can this really be the nineteenth century? Is this the fruition of the gospel preached on the Mount? Or are we, in spite of its instructions and injunctions, savages as before, with only improved facilities for murder?

In view of the impending European war, it will be interesting to know the relative strength of the two principal combatants. The following table shows the area, population, etc., of Austria and Prussia:

Area, sq. miles.	Popu- lation.	Army, men.	Navy, vessels.	Debt.
Austria, 288,311	37,000,000	800,000	50	\$1,600,000,000
Prussia, 108,213	19,304,943	700,000	85	None.

The number of fighting men stated for Prussia probably comes very near the limit of popular fighting capacity, although no allusion is made to the landwehr or militia reserve, amounting to 2,000,000 men, who are ultimately available for strictly defensive purposes. On the other hand, Austria can draw from those reconit regions of Croatia, Tyrol, Carniola, Hungary, Transylvania, no end of the best fighting material in the world; men of the utmost endurance and courage, and used to the exactest discipline. We must, however, remember that Italy will act with Prussia. The outlook for Austria is not brilliant. The device of the house of the Emperor of Austria is the five vowels, A E I O U; which the Emperor Frederick III. chose to interpret: "Austria *Est* Imperatrix *Omnia* *Unicuique*." If the rendering was intended as a prophecy, events thus far have easily belied it: for besides losing the Imperial

sceptre, the Hapsburgs, as a correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* reminds us, have lost Lorraine, Belgium, the Netherlands, Alsace, Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, Silesia, Lombardy, and a host of minor holdings in Italy. Her next loss will be Venetia.

We must not flatter ourselves, because we have a territory as large as Europe, the biggest debt and highest taxes of any nation on earth, and because our "bright home is in the setting sun," that we are ahead of all the world in all things. The boy Ketchum, who swindled Wall Street out of three or four millions, was certainly a promising youth, and the late bogus bank (and Government depository) in Washington was a rather successful establishment in its way. But they do these things better in England. The Agra and Masterman's Bank has just failed—"gone up"—in London, for the highly respectable sum of from seventy-five million to one hundred million dollars. Its shares, which were at one hundred and ten dollars, or ten per cent. above par, are now selling at three dollars. This is a great country, but there is a "greater!"

A PLAN has been adopted at Liverpool to prevent "attacks" upon the banks in order to depreciate their shares, which will probably be followed in London. The Exchange there has prohibited the sale of shares unless the numbers of such shares are inscribed upon the contract; that is, has prohibited fictitious sales. As it is not worth a seller's while to run down his own property, this rule, which will not hamper business, will prevent combinations to "bear" the market, and the various frauds which, comparatively unimportant when directed against foreign stocks, are so fatal as against banks.

PRINCESS MARY of England has married a gentleman by the name of Teck—a "Prince" Teck, one of the multitude of titled German adventurers. The people of England have been called on, through their Commons, to give him ten thousand dollars a year to live on, because he is "a good fellow" and short of "shiners." The Princess Mary is also a pauper—we mean to say a pensioner, as well as a princess, and gets fifteen thousand dollars a year from the same people of England, because she is Princess Mary. "Simply this, and nothing more!" Otherwise, she is a buxom lass, and capable, so the will were not wanting, of doing as good a day's work as any Biddy in the land.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily contemporary, of an economical turn of mind, advocates utilizing the carcasses of the dogs sacrificed to the popular fear of hydrophobia. He says a "very good article of oil may be extracted from their bodies; their hides may be converted into leather and glue; and their bones into bone-black. Supposing that from 15,000 to 20,000 dogs will suffer death at the pound this and every succeeding year, could not their carcasses be made a source of profit and use? I found a medium-sized, tolerably fat dog to yield a quart of oil, which was superior to any other for tanners' purposes in its crude state, and when refined and deodorized made a very superior hair-oil. In its crude state the smell is very pungent, and its appearance something like crude whale oil. The leather made from the hide varies with the breed of the dog. The bull, Newfoundland, large cur, and, in fact, all heavy coarser breeds make a tough, durable and pliant shoe-leather. While the finer grades of animals give a leather equal to any kind. I have seen boots made of well-tanned dog-hide, which could not be told from the finest calf-skin. The glue made is as good as that from the clipping, etc., of any other hide. The amount of oil, leather and glue varies in proportion to the size and fatness of the dog, some yielding as high as half a gallon of oil. The improved quality of the hide will, in almost every case, make up for the smallness of size. With the value of the bones for bone-black, or the manufacture of phosphates, there are many around New York who are acquainted. My opinion is, that even the waste of flesh might be turned to account in the manufacture of some character of compost manure. I know that it has been used in the generation of saltpetre. From my own observation and experience, my opinion is, that an enterprising man might make the dog carcasses of New York and Brooklyn produce twenty thousand dollars, of which at least ten thousand dollars would be profit."

THE *Kladderadass*, or *German Punch*, has a splendid and significant wood-cut. It represents a mighty big spider, adorned with the Emperor Napoleon's head, waiting quietly in its large web, while all kinds of insects, representing the other European States, are flying and caught in it, to be devoured in time by the Imperial spider. Beneath are Rouher's words in the Corps Legislatif: "Honest Neutrality and Liberty of Action."

BEGGARS.—We all have read the mode described in "Gil Blas" of a beggar holding out one hand for money and presenting a gun with the other. A still more ingenious method of soliciting charity was lately adopted by a beggar in the south of France. This man was in the habit of prowling about the country with a very savage wolf. The wolf was muzzled, but if the beggar happened to hit upon an uncharitable person in any house where he presented himself, he threatened to unmuzzle the animal. Generally speaking this threat produced the desired effect, and a little money was given to the mendicant to get rid of him. The nuisance, however, became so intolerable that information was given to the police. The wolf was summarily killed and its owner is in prison. Neither of these accounts is exaggerated. A correspondent of the *Anglo-American Times* relates a correspondent story. "Some years ago, while I was riding over a solitary

mountainous district, on my way from Burgos to Madrid, two men rushed down from the side of the mountain, and, each presenting a musket, asked for charity. This persuasive style, of course, induced me to give a trifle without delay. I rode off with courteous salute from the men, of 'Fausted con Dios' (God go with you)."

THE State census of New Jersey for 1885 shows a population of 672,093, being a net increase of 101,665 from 1860, or about one-sixth.

THE Papal Government has just appointed a banking-house in this city its agent for the negotiation in this country of a loan of \$4,000,000. The proceeds of this loan, it is understood, are to be appropriated to the purpose of defraying the necessities of the Papal Government during the pendency of the negotiations now going on between France and the Government of Victor Emmanuel, for the liquidation of the debt of the Roman States. What between the Fenians and the Pope, Biddy's fractional currency stands but a poor chance.

In Switzerland the telegraph is the property of the state. An office is established in almost every village, and the charge is uniform—one franc for twenty-five words, irrespective of distance. The dispatches are printed, and the establishment yields a large revenue to Government.

THE EXCISE LAW.

A LATE decision of one of our judges pronounced the Excise Law unconstitutional and void, and thereby declared all the proceedings of the Excise Board irregular and reversible. The reasons upon which this decision is based are very plausible, and to all who are interested in its terms, quite conclusive; and it is barely possible that in a technical sense the dictum of the Court is correct—for all the enactments of legislative bodies seem to possess the permeability and elasticity of the acts of the English Parliament—through any of which, it has been said, a coach and six may be driven. In regard to the Excise Law, there are in the main but two opinions: the friends of virtue, order and decency, deeming it wise and necessary, and the lovers of self-indulgence denouncing it as arbitrary, unjust and impracticable; and all these latter hail Judge Cardoso's decision with delight. The principal argument of the judge was, that the new law requiring all bars to be closed on Sunday contravened the provisions of the previous law, under which licenses were granted without any restriction as to the time when sales should be made, and therefore, being a violation of a contract, proved unconstitutional and void. If we mistake not, there is an unrecalled statute forbidding the prosecution of ordinary business on Sunday, by the provisions of which, the farmer who plows his lands, the mechanic who plies his trade, the merchant who opens his warehouses and offers his goods for sale, may be arrested upon complaint, and become liable to a severe penalty. Why the business of liquor-selling should be more important than any other, and therefore prove an exception, is certainly not very clear; and it is believed that, were the statute referred to strictly enforced, there could arise no collision between the Excise Board and the Courts.

But there are other considerations connected with this question worthy of attention. The most forcible objection against the law is, that it is sumptuary, interfering with the social habits and rights of a large class of our citizens, and so opposed to public opinion, that it must soon become a dead letter. A fundamental principle entering into the constitution of all society is the surrender of individual interests for the common and general welfare. What promotes this welfare is right; what interferes with it may properly become the subject of legal restriction and enactment. Apply this obvious principle to liquor-selling and Sunday observance, all the time taking into account the nature and character of free and republican institutions, and you can hardly escape the conclusion that it is both proper and just to set certain bounds to all practices that tend to excess and lawlessness.

The safeguard of our institutions is the virtue, intelligence and uprightness of our people. We do not want, because we dare not tolerate, the customs and habits that are fostered by monarchical governments, which resort to every expedient for amusing and diverting the people that will prevent the assertion of natural right, and maintain a spirit of contentedness with the existing order of things. If the sports and customs of the Old World become the established order of things with us, and if the preferences and inclinations of our adopted citizens be paramount to the honored practices of our forefathers and the founders of our political system, we shall be in danger of falling away from the high standard we have hitherto maintained, and reaching the level of the effete and corrupt dynasties of Europe. We need not be puritanical, but we must be virtuous, and foster everything that tends to promote and encourage virtue, or we cannot long remain free and independent. It is in view of these facts that the Excise Law becomes a measure of so much importance. The great question is not whether a few hundred men shall be restricted in the questionable pursuit of gain, and a few thousand others prevented from encroaching upon the long-cherished privileges of the great mass of our people, and offending their honest and reasonable convictions, but whether we shall quietly and deliberately tolerate the introduction of customs that corrupt the public sense and imperil the public security. Our civilization is gained at too great a price if it involve the destruction of that simplicity of character and earnestness of purpose that gave it birth. Beside, our spirit and institutions are essentially American, noble, grand, and far-reaching as our forests and mountains and slopes, that inspired and brought them into being, and to retain them in their purity and power, we must carefully guard against the infusion of any element of weakness and disturbance. It must be remembered, too, that the men and presses that clamor most loudly against the operation of a law that confessedly has resulted in good and greatly diminished the labor of our police, are not the representatives of the virtue and learning, and intelligence and worth of our community, but rather those who would pander to low passions, and operate upon the under-strata of our society by an appeal to their appetite in preference to their reason. This fact is a stuporous one, and pregnant with very serious considerations. As all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people, it is indispensable that the people should be wise and elevated, and reasonable and far-seeing, or power will rapidly degenerate into oppression, mere demagogues become our rulers, and our boasted freedom be turned into a mockery and a lie.

It is to check such a tendency that the Excise Law was

enacted. We were incessantly drifting toward corruption and anarchy. Our municipal officers could not be trusted, a large portion of our population had little or no sympathy with our national ideas, and brought with them the spirit and the habits of their native lands, and we were rapidly reaching the anomaly of a European metropolis in an American and antagonistic government. The danger was foreseen, and an attempt made to guard against it; and it is especially unfortunate that our Courts should lend their influence to a cause that must depend for its support upon mere technicalities, and that is repudiated by our best and most reliable citizens.

TOWN GOSSIP.

GOLD has gone up again to figures we had hoped it could never reach, and the speculators of Wall Street are more jubilant than a young Miss preparing for her first party. If our good friends at Washington would only fix upon some decided policy, and let the country know whether Pompey or Protection is to be king—whether reconstruction or destruction awaits us—whether an inflated currency or a contracted currency shall be our dependence—whether North and South are to continue sulking like spoiled children, or to unite in a loving embrace as fond members of the same household, our monetary skies would become much brighter, and somebody's occupation would be gone. We do not know that the advance in gold has had any effect on old Sol, but during the week he has given us some evidence of his way, and with the thermometer at ninety degrees and upward, breathing becomes a very serious matter, and active exertion almost an impossibility. Some few, overpowered by the intensity of the heat, have died, thus showing the fearful temperature we have experienced. Picnics, excursions and various sports attracted multitudes away from our burning streets to the refreshing green of the suburbs and the savory breezes of the bay, while others strove to counteract the effects of the hot air by the liberal use of various beverages, many of which rather increased than diminished the discomfort.

Speaking of beverages suggests the difficulties thrown in the way of the Excise Board by one of our city judges, whose ermine may not be quite immaculate, and who is the creation of that abominable caricature of decency and impartiality—an Elective Judiciary. This Bunsby has decided that the Excise Law is wholly void, and invited every dealer in liquors to disregard it, assuring him of the protection of an injunction, and even threatening to arrest and confine the Superintendent of Police, should he interfere with this decision. In the meantime the Board continues to arrest all persons violating the law, and the judge endeavors to screen his friends by his fulminations, doubtless in the hope of being remembered by them when his present term of office expires.

Were it not that the great principles of justice and right are too sacred for such trifling, we might find our quantum of amusement in this embroglio of the functionalities.

In fact, recrimination and cross-purposes seem in vogue just now. Fenianism, which many supposed dead, without hope of resurrection, has been showing some evidences of vitality, in presenting two factions of the order, not, however, a Slavonic twins arrangement, in which both feel and act in harmony, but rather a dog and cat affair, each cherishing a bitter hatred of the other, denouncing and abusing without stint. But if the Fenians can endure this process without injury, outsiders will not trouble themselves very much with the dissensions of these fanatics, who have long since rendered themselves ridiculous.

The annual regatta to the watering-places and pleasure resorts has commenced, and the season promises to be an immensely gay one. Fashion and custom both combine to induce a visit to the noted centres of attraction with which our country abounds. Saratoga retains its pristine fame, and will so long as its sparkling health-giving waters continue to flow, and though some of its hotels have been destroyed, Col. Leland, of the Union, is still there; and a nice watering-place hotel, like a street car, is never full, ample provision will be found for the suitable accommodation of the tens of thousands who, during the summer, will converge to their favorite resort. The Union, however, can receive twelve hundred guests and make them comfortable, so none need be deterred from going to Saratoga by the fear of not finding suitable quarters.

Of our sea-side watering-places, Long Branch holds the first rank, and is always popular. There is something about the ocean breezes and surf-bathing especially invigorating, while the constant blending of sea and sky, and the occasional variation of a storm, form views of which one never wearies. Here, too, the hotel men have made extensive preparation for the reception of visitors, and the new Continental will compare favorably with any establishment of the kind in the country. Elong and commodious in all its arrangements, its spacious colonnades, ample dining-room, well-furnished guest-rooms—all lighted with gas—will render the Continental a favorite with visitors, while the politeness of its experienced hosts gives the sojourner a home-like feeling he cannot always entertain.

This hotel also has connected with it a fine shooting-gallery, together with a bowling-saloon and billiard-room, amply provided with everything a sportsman or a gambler would desire. A Decker's spawd tables, which are becoming so popular. These features will add to the attractions of the house, besides furnishing pleasant exercise to the lovers of active sports. Commend us to the Continental and its gentlemanly proprietors.

Pleasant as these to us are, they are *terra incognita* to multitudes, who must trill through the heat of summer and the cold of winter without any hope of a respite. To such, the excursions to places around the city afford the relaxation others, more favored, seek at the springs and the seashore, and with a little stretch of fancy, they can, for a time, convert these haunts into others of much greater pretensions—though some are churlish enough to affirm that, barring the pretension, there is little or nothing left of Saratoga, Newport, etc.

The theatres have not brought out any striking novelties during the week, and are confining themselves to the usual summer adaptations.

At Niblo's, the Revels continue the attraction, and, notwithstanding the heat, draw good houses. People do not readily tire of witnessing their feats of agility and gracefulness, and the theatre is so cool and comfortable that, aside from the performance, it is an excellent treat to spend an hour or two there for the sake of escaping suffocation.

Mr. Dan Bryant has been to speak of *Les Fenians*—the C.O.L.R. at Wallack's; and while he does not propose to found an Irish Republic, he does intend to present Irish characters in such a manner as to please his patrons and crowd the theatre.

The Warrall Sisters have brought out a sufficient variety of entertainments at Wood's New Theatre to render that pretty place quite a family resort.

Mr. Brougham, at the Winter Garden, has made a decided hit with his burlesque "Fenianism." The play has been re-written and interspersed with allusions to the topics of the day, is full of fun without vulgarity, and will prove immensely popular.

Barnum's, despite the heat, despite almost everything, is constantly thronged; and combining as it does both theatre and museum, is one of the great attractions of the metropolis.

The opera, at the Fench Theatre, grows in popularity, each week increasing the number of its admirers. With some defects, it still possesses many merits, and the effort to provide such entertainment as it affords is very generally appreciated; and Mr. Eichberg has the thanks of the lovers of music for his sparkling presentations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The well-known firm of Blunt, Nichols & Co. have published a very useful and comprehensive volume, called "The Coast Pilot," with maps, charts, and soundings. The importance of this work cannot be overrated, and the care bestowed upon it in every particular justice as in awarding to it the highest commendation. It is, indeed, indispensable to every mariner, whether he belongs to the commercial or the more elegant service of the yacht club. Blunt & Co. have also for sale a list of all the light-houses on the coasts of the United States. This is published by order of Congress.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A convention of Texas planters has been held in Austin, and organized a joint stock company with a capital of a million dollars, having for its object the importation of labor, and the sale of Texas lands to emigrants. The plan of operations reported is to employ agents to induce European labor and capital to emigrate to Texas. The Tennessee Colonial and Emigration Society held a meeting last week at Nashville. Over \$30,000 were subscribed, and the society will furnish employers "with any number of hands required."

—The Fort Scott (Kansas) *Monitor* asserts that not less than twenty-five thousand people have passed through Bourbon county, in that State, from the East, up to the first of June.

—A telegram from Mobile announces that an Austrian officer has arrived at that city empowered to offer positions in the Austrian army to ex-confederates. It is thought that quite a number will avail themselves of the opportunity to plunge again into the exciting scenes of war.

—A roof is in process of construction in Detroit, over the Michigan Central depot, which will cover three hundred thousand square feet, or over seven acres.

—The Nashville (Tenn.) *Republican* says that an accident recently happened to a train on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. The baggage-master sat in his car, reading, at the time, but perceiving by the motion of the train that a great danger was threatened, he attempted to jump out, when he was unfortunately caught between two boxes and badly jammed. He was taken out in an insensible condition, and being laid upon the ground, an attempt was made to revive him, which proved successful. As he opened his eyes to a consciousness of things, a clergyman stepped out from the circle which surrounded him, to offer prayer for his complete restoration. He knelt down by the side of the victim, but, before proceeding with his work of mercy, he inquired, "Are you a Christian?" "No, sir," he emphatically as his weak condition would allow, "I'm a baggage-master on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad."

—The six free baths established by the city authorities of Boston are patronized by about ten thousand persons daily, men, women and children. They are all well arranged, and have from thirteen to thirty-five dressing-rooms. The water flows continually through openings at the sides, making it always clean and cool.

—Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., is well under way. It will be remembered that Ezra Cornell gave \$500,000 for founding this University, and the State has also made grants of land which are likely to prove valuable. The hope is expressed that this institution will eventually have an endowment of the value of \$3,000,000.

—The Post-Office Department have issued an order against letting boxes to policy dealers, bogus lottery ticket swindlers, obscene booksellers, and other public swindlers, so far as can be ascertained, after the expiration of the present quarter.

—A person who has recently visited the Shenandoah Valley, says it is wonderful to see the profusion of cattle and poultry in this "denuded" valley, after the devastation it was said to have suffered. Except the absence of fences in some places, now and then a fortification or a burned barn, no one would suppose an army had been in the valley.

—Ambrose A. Suits, of Auburn, Ohio, recently lifted a dead weight of 3,737½ pounds, which is the greatest lifting on record. He had been practicing at intervals during the last six years. Dr. Winslip, for several years past considered the strongest man in the world, at last accounts had lifted only 2,000 pounds.

—The four hundred cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy are about starting on a long summer cruise. Two or three weeks will be spent at sea, giving them an opportunity to practice gunnery and the maneuvering of the vessels. The fleet will then sail for Portland, where a short stay will be made. Halifax and other provincial ports will also be visited, and on the return of the fleet, in the latter part of September, the cadets will be given an opportunity for recreation at Newport, R. I.

—Brooklyn has a Mayor who is one of a thousand. The City Council having passed a resolution to raise his salary from \$3,000 to \$5,000, the Mayor—the Hon. Samuel M. Booth—has vetoed it!

—There were 7,950 deaths, and 4,460 marriages, and 10,302 births in Connecticut during the past year, leaving the population of the State 2,252 greater than in 1864. A negro woman in Stratford, 107 years old, was the oldest person who died. Four hundred and four divorces were granted during the year.

—One of the most valuable collections of natural history in the United States was destroyed at the recent burning of the Academy of Sciences in Chicago. The ornithological collection had been gathered with great care by the Smithsonian Institution, and by Mr. Robert Kennicott, the Arctic explorer. The museum was valued at \$30,000, and was totally destroyed.

—A cave has been discovered near Nashville, in which were some human bones, supposed to have been those of Indians. Bowls, arrows and other red men's weapons, were found among them; also, several gold bands, the value of which is estimated at \$200. Also several bits of wampum were found.

—The total revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866, is estimated at \$306,000,000 from internal revenue and \$185,000,000 from tariffs.

—Fiske's *Galveston Bulletin* makes the startling statement that five hundred indictments for murder have been found against white citizens of Texas since the collapse of the rebellion, without the possibility of securing a conviction; while over seven hundred blacks have been convicted and imprisoned, some on the most frivolous charges. The *Bulletin* reports Gov. Hamilton as saying that he had just pardoned two, one of whom, a lad of fifteen, had been proven guilty of the heinous offense of stealing a ginger cake worth a dime, and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary, and another who had stolen a bushel of potatoes, was sent for five years to the same place.

—In 1793, when we first established a national government, the American shipping engaged in foreign trade was 127,333 tons. In twelve years it increased to 849,302 tons. In 1807 it was 1,116,241 tons. In 1814, the last year of the war of 1812, it sank to 59,786 tons, and it took thirty years to come up to where it had been at the highest. In 1861 our registered sailing tonnage was 2,540,000, having doubled in fifteen years. The returns for 1864 show a diminution in tonnage of upward of a million—all owing to the peculiar developments of British neutrality during the rebellion.

—By late advices from Panama we learn that the first steamer of the new line between Panama and Australia, via New Zealand, will leave the former port on the 24th instant for Auckland, to be followed monthly thereafter by a vessel of the same class, thus shortening the distance between England and Australia eight days over the old route by way of the Isthmus of Suez.

—A Milwaukee newspaper relates the following rather startling incident. It says: "On Thursday night a tame bear, which is kept by the proprietor of the

Cambria House, got loose from his kennel, and started on an exploring expedition through the premises. Finding a door open, Bruin entered, and made his way through the hall. In passing through the hall he came in contact with one of the servant-girls, a *dishevelled*, who, supposing that the bear was bent on mischief, fled screaming into a bedroom, close at hand. Bruin, seeming to appreciate the joke, pursued her closely, and took his stand in the door. The girl, seeing retreat cut off, crept under the bed to hide from the monster. The inmate of the couch, a lady, being awakened by the screams of the girl, and seeing Bruin making his way toward the bed, a-*art*-d up in a hurry, compelling her toilet in a more expeditious manner, we venture to say, than she had ever done in her life before, and added her screams to those of the girl. The bear commenced a charge upon the fair one, being evidently in a sportive mood. By a dexterous flank movement he cornered them both, and, raising himself upon his hind legs, he looked intently into their faces, as if to say, "What do you think now, my dears?" By this time nearly the whole house was aroused, and came to the rescue of the besieged. Bruin was seized by some of the masculine gender and taken to his kennel, while the frightened women were taken care of by the female portion of the house. They blushed at having been seen in so scant an apparel, and afterward laughed at the groundlessness of their fright."

Foreign.—Another new fashion has originated among the eccentric meddles of London and Paris—that of manufacturing dead flowers for mourning wear. For example, a white rose, without the slightest creamy or bluish tint, with one or two spots of decay near its heart; the edges of the snowy leaves slightly tinged with brown. There are also dead leaves, drooping dead violets, lilies, and pansies, and heart's-ease, fading, tinged with the canker-spots of decay. Odd as this may be, yet, after one becomes reconciled to the idea, there is certainly a more tender sentiment and respect to the memory of the dead in these drooping emblems of the passing away of life than in the stiff and starched black and white flowers, with their glittering jet accompaniments.

—The London *Saturday Review* states that about 4,000,000 sermons are preached annually in the United Kingdom, of which number not more than one in a hundred really express any degree of thought, or produce any effect upon the understandings of the audience; the balance are therefore an aggregation of meaningless phrases, more or less grammatical, which either produce a tendency to sleep or a mental daze to argue the other side of the question. Assuming, then, that one hundred persons listen for an average of half an hour, it adds, "it is easy to discover how many years of misery are passed in the aggregate by the congregations of the United Kingdom."

—Near the close of the last session of the British Parliament, a bill was introduced for clearing the statute book of all useless enactments, such as laws which have become inoperative from various causes. The period covered by this bill extends from the Revolution of 1688 to the tenth of George III. One bill marked for repeal was passed in the ninth year of the reign of Queen Anne, and is entitled "For the preservation of white and other pine trees growing in her Majesty's colonies of New Hampshire, the Massachusetts Bay and Province of Maine, the Duchy of Eaden, and the colonies of the Narragansett country or King's P. O. v. r. u. and Connecticut in New England, and New York and New Jersey in America, for the masting her Majesty's navy."

—The substitution of ocean penny postage, instead of the present system, is being earnestly agitated in some of the English press. It is urged: that fine goods are carried from England to the West Indies at the rate of \$35 to \$50 per ton of forty cubic feet; a bale of letters, of the same weight and size, carried over the same ground, by the same ship, costs \$3,000. The carriage of letters to Canada costs \$11,940, and to the United States \$17,920 per ton; and yet the freight on fine goods between Liverpool and New York is only about \$15 per ton. It is said that the cheap ocean postage would immediately increase the revenue therefrom, in the increased correspondence.

—A letter from Kehl mentions, as a proof of the good feeling which prevails among the different religious communities in the Duchy of Baden, that on the occasion of the Jewish festival, a few days back, at Muggensturm, near Rastadt, the synagogue was voluntarily decorated by a number of Christian fellow-townsmen, and during the service a Catholic priest, besides other persons of diverse religious forms of worship, was present.

—Gustave Doré, the wonderful illustrator of classics, is still a frequent subject of conversation in Paris. He was born in Strasbourg in 1832, and so may be regarded as half German in his origin. He commenced his marvelous labors when only sixteen, on the *Journal pour Rive*, wherein his caricatures gained him the first beginnings of fame. This branch of art seems to be his forte. His works are already more numerous than any half-dozen of the oldest artists in the whole course of their lives.

—A Paris writer says the Emperor has had private wires attached to his different telegraphs, and sends private telegrams with his own hands to Count Bismarck at Berlin, and Gen. La Marmora at Florence.

—A new mode of smuggling foreign tobacco has been discovered by the custom-house authorities at Paris. Some large blocks of stone, weighing about a hundred weight, having arrived from Switzerland, it was found on inspection that they were hollow, and that they were stuffed full of cigars of the finest brands.

—In a lecture on the Amazon, delivered in Rio Janeiro, Professor Agassiz said the general impression in regard to the Amazon River was very erroneous, not only in regard to the climate of that region, which he had been informed was unhealthy, but also as to its fertility. He found the valley of the Amazon uncommonly fertile, and its climate very healthy. It was his opinion that it would one day become the mart of the world, supporting in comfort twenty millions of inhabitants.

AMERICAN FEMALE SCULPTORS.

The London *Art Journal* has a double claim to commendation; its numerous illustrations are in its characteristically high style of art, and its literature is most diversified, instructive and interesting. There is an article on "Lady Artists in Rome," from which we take an extract or two, hoping it may tempt our artistic readers to peruse the whole:

"Mrs. Freeman, to whom for obvious reasons we give precedence, is an English lady by birth, an American by marriage. Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her genre is that of 'Putti' (children), and, as if to supply the want of that which has been denied to her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statues and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' an idea taken from that inimitable character of Dickens in the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by her Providence, lies extended on her rough mattress, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the 'Princess Sleeping in the Tower,' an unconscious of the danger which menaces them, a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statues, too, and ideal and portrait heads have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase not a commission, intended to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Boethian scene, all of them children frolicking in the full gaiety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the soporific influences of the jolly god."

Again: "Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as to the American public. She arrived

in Rome about twelve or thirteen years ago, and studied for some time under the great master, Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later much admiration, by the elegance of her designs, and the cleverness of her execution. Her 'Puck' on a mushroom, which has been often repeated, was one of her earliest successes. 'Zenobia' added much to her reputation; but, to our mind, none of her works has greater or so much merit as her 'Sleeping Faun.' The ease of position, the perfect abandon of the figure, are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so gracefully depicted. At present Miss Hosmer is modeling, as a companion to it, the 'Waking Faun.' A younger sister of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and taking advantage of the complacency of his parent, has managed to bind him; but the Faun suddenly awakes, breaks his bonds, and seizes the young delinquent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed by the same artist is a Fountain, a commission for Lady Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate and patronize Miss Hosmer. The basin of the fountain is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a silver. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, seated on dolphins, each little chubby face turned upward, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the being who is discoursing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in its present state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist."

From the same country as Miss Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose sex, extreme youth and color invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother and a negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. 'I will make something like that,' she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. 'I often longed to return to the wilds,' she said, 'but my love of sculpture forbade it; and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained toward her race, and competing with the finished masters of the art. As she has been here only two months, she has not much to show. A bust of Col. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave colonel, who died fighting for his country. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of our young artist is a red woman lying on her knees, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early decision of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the design of which are taken from Lourellow's *Minchaba*, are nearly modelled. They represent, first, Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love, and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage; and, secondly, Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride: 'So hand in hand they went.'"

This interesting article furnishes other illustrations of the fact that, among the lady artists in Rome, the American element is very prominent.

Bread Upon the Waters.

WHEN I was at college I chanced to be returning to my room at a late hour one night, when I stumbled over something lying on the sidewalk. As I was just beginning my junior year, and had consequently given up the sophomore idea that swearing was a mark of superior manhood, without so much as a blessing upon careless watchmen I bent down, and after a little examination, found that I had stumbled over one of the city newboys. He was almost frozen; so wrapping him up in my heavy cloak, I carried him with some difficulty up the long hill, and soon had him in quarters something warmer than those in which I had found him.

It was a long time before the boy became conscious of his whereabouts; but when his delirium was over, and he sat before my fire wrapped in my warm dressing-gown, I ascertained how it happened that I found him asleep on the sidewalk.

He told his story in a few words. He was alone in the world; his father and mother were dead, and he was shifting for himself. He had been unsuccessful in the sale of his papers that day, was hungry and thinly dressed, and the wind blowing very cold, he had crouched down a moment at the corner to shield himself from the cutting blast, had fallen asleep, and in that state I had found him.

I thought the little sinner was lying to me when he began about his father and mother, and I watched to see if he didn't bring himself out some way before he finished. He was a bright little fellow; thin, to be sure, and very pale, but he did have a keen, black eye, and no mistake. His story, short as it was, was not ended before I, feeling sure he was not lying to me, had decided what to do.

The next morning, measuring the length, breadth and thickness of my newboy, I went down street to my tailor's, obtained a suit of clothes which he chanced to have on hand, and which, with a few changes, proved to be just the thing, purchased a pair of shoes which exactly fitted the measure I had in my pocket, and returned to my room before the lad was awake.

You ought to have seen how he opened those eyes and stared at me, at the room, at everything, and have watched the shadow of perplexity, astonishment and delight flit across his face, as the recollections of the last few hours came back.

"Well, my man," said I, "how do you feel? Well enough to get up and see if those traps are anywhere near the size of that body of yours?"

He was out of bed in a flash, and in a very short time was dressed in his new suit. Ah! but he did look well, as he stood there so neat and trim, and so thankful withal, that I felt as the schoolmaster did when he flogged the boys, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Well, I kept the boy with me till he was well and strong, and one morning called him to me, and in a set speech, *à la* Junior exhibition, said:

"Mr. Newboy, it is high time that you should begin again the voyage of active life, and this morning I am going to cut you adrift. Here's a little doak to help you along in your travels at first, and do you be careful that you don't make a bad use of it. Before you go I want you to promise me that you will behave yourself, be an ornament to society, and all that sort of thing, will you?"

He said yes, of course, a dozen times, and after a hearty shake of the hand and a hasty "Good-by, Sam," he disappeared down the college stairs.

Time passed along. I graduated, settled in business, married; but still never once heard of my boy, and at last he and the occurrence were forgotten.

Five years ago this winter my business called me to the West. It proved a sorry journey to me. I lost my traveling-sack, containing valuables to a considerable amount; my journey had been a wild goose chase without the least shadow of success, and just about discouraged, I started home.

Misfortune did not desert me here. On seeking my wallet, I found that it had been stolen, and that I had not a dollar in my pocket. I have a faint recollection of not feeling particularly amiable just at that time. Out West, in those days, was something different from what it is now, where you roll over the ground at the rate of forty miles an hour, and out West, with not a dollar, and no means of communication but a line of snail-paced stage-coaches, was anything but delightful.

The coach for the East was just starting, and having watched it out of sight, I went back to the tavern and sat down to think how I should get out of my difficulty. I had been sitting there for some little time, when a man who had been warming himself with his back to the fire drew his chair near mine, and after a little chat at the weather, surprised me by asking if I wasn't Mr. —, of Providence, Rhode Island. I told him I was, and before I could return the compliment of asking his name, he said:

"Do you remember the boy whom, when you were a student in the university, you found almost frozen in the streets of Providence? Do you remember that I promised you (for I am that boy), to be an honest, industrious man, to behave myself, and become an ornament to society? Yes, sir, I am that boy, and I can say, without fear of denial, that I am an honest and successful man, and that whatever I am, morally, or socially, I am indebted to you for it," and he shook my hand as only a grateful man can.

Then he told me what he had been about all these years; how by industry and perseverance he had won the confidence of his employer, had in time been admitted by him as a partner, had married his partner's daughter—in a word, he was happy.

My surprise at the appearance of "my boy," his evident pleasure in meeting me, his earnest inquiries after my welfare—all these things at the time I fully appreciated, and I did not hesitate to tell him how I was situated. He laughed at my misfortunes, hoped I "wouldn't lie awake o' nights grieving about them," and taking my arm, led me away. He took me to his office, told me of his extensive business, made me shake hands with his father-in-law, and I don't know how many others, and soon after, leading me up the stately steps of a fine dwelling as a reasonable man could wish to possess, he introduced me to its lovely mistress, his wife.

I passed a pleasant week under that friendly roof, and more than once I thought, as I journeyed homeward, how many more such grateful harvests might be garnered if men would be less miserly of the proper seed.

POISONS OF HUMAN DISEASES.

THE poison of scarlet fever, although it has not yet been separated and carried on an ivory point or a lancet, like that of small-pox, is unquestionably a solid poison. It appears to be thrown off with the epithelial covering of the skin and mucous membrane. It travels very short distances by the air, but it holds tenaciously to solid articles. We have direct evidence, which we have elsewhere systematically detailed, that this poison may be carried by a letter, by a slipper, and by any article of clothing. In the wretched homes of the poor in the agricultural districts it is retained in the thatch, which forms too often the ceiling of the bedroom. It does not seem to be communicable by direct inoculation (although the evidence on this point is doubtful), but taken into the lungs or mouth by being inhaled, it impregnates the susceptible body, and gives rise to further disease. Like the poison of small-pox, it is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.

The poison of measles resembles that of scarlet fever. It differs mainly in that it is thrown off from the bronchial and nasal surfaces, rather than from the skin. It has also the property of holding tenaciously to solid articles of clothing, and it is conveyed very short distances by the air. It is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.

The poison of whooping-cough—as Dr. Hyde Salter first pointed out—is formed, perhaps exclusively, in one part of the body—namely, in the pharynx or upper part of the throat. It is essentially a local poison, very irritating in its nature. By this irritating property it excites those extreme paroxysms of cough which mark the disorder. The poison travels the smallest distance, and immediate contact of breath to breath appears to be necessary for its conveyance. We have never ourselves known an instance in which it has been carried by articles of clothing. It is possible that a pocket-handkerchief, used first by a person suffering from whooping-cough, and afterward, previously to his being cleaned, by a susceptible person, would convey the disorder; but this is an extreme case, put rather to show the difficulty of conveyance than the probability. In our experience the disease has never been communicated except by the closest communion—as by children sleeping together, or playing together and kissing each other, or by a mother communicating with her sick child. The poison is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.

The poison of diphtheria is conveyed with even more difficulty than that of whooping-cough. It is formed in the secretions of the nose and throat of those affected, and it seems to be only communicable when those secretions are carried—as in the act of coughing by the sick person—directly and in the fluid form, into the mouth or nostrils of the susceptible person. We have even known an escape after this event, and we are inclined to think that an abraded mucous surface is too easy for the poison to take effect. There is no evidence whatever that the poison has ever been conveyed by clothing. It is without doubt decomposed and destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.

POVERTY and pride are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man cannot tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.



THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J., JUNE 19, 20, 21 AND 22—THE STEEPLE-CHASE—FOURTH DAY.

MURDER OF THE SQUIBB FAMILY, In York County, Pa.

The spirit of Cain seems to be let loose upon the land, and scarcely a day passes without the record of some frightful and successful attempt to destroy human life. A few weeks since, the incarnate fiend, Probst, murdered the whole Deering family, and just as he had expiated his aggravated crimes on the gallows, the soil of the Keystone State was stained with the blood of another innocent household, who fell victims to the wanton cruelty or malicious hate of the assassin.

George Squibb, a respectable and inoffensive old man of Quaker descent, was living, with his wife and granddaughter, on a small farm situated in a quiet and secluded spot, at the foot of Dare's Hill, in Warrington Township. He had owned it for many years, and by strict economy and industry had succeeded in accumulating a small sum of money, which he kept in the house, and was in the habit of loaning out to his friends and neighbors as their necessities required. He was seventy-one years old at the time of his assassination, and his wife, who is still living, was aged sixty-seven. The little granddaughter was between eleven and twelve. On the evening of Sunday, the 17th ult., as appearances indicated, about the time they were preparing to retire to bed, the murderer or murderers entered his humble dwelling, and commenced their bloody work. The house is situated about 150 yards from a public road, leading from the Lisbon road to the road going to Lewisberry, and is distant from the nearest dwelling about five or six hundred yards. It is an old dilapidated building, constructed of rough logs, is but one story high, and no one who was not acquainted with the character and habits of its inmates would have thought for a moment that they were in the possession of any money whatever. It would be the last place to which a stranger would have resorted for robbery or gain. It has but two rooms on the ground floor, the one used as a kitchen and sitting-room, and the other as a bed-chamber. It was, therefore, pretty strongly suspected that some one residing in the neighborhood, and who was acquainted with the family, was connected with the dark crime. It is stated that two suspicious-looking strangers were seen in the neighborhood on Sunday, but while the investigations were going on, a man by the name of William Donovan, familiarly known as Irish Bill, who resides about a mile from the house where the murder was committed, was arrested and brought before the coroner's jury, and subjected to a close and telling examination. The evidence against him, although of a circumstantial charac-

ter, was nevertheless sufficiently strong to authorize the jury in committing him for trial at the August term of the Court.

It seems that Donovan, about five years ago, in a wanton and cruel manner, beat one of Mr. Squibb's cows so that it died, and Squibb brought a suit against him to recover the price of the animal. It was decided in his favor, and when Donovan was obliged to pay the money, he made threats that he would have revenge on Squibb if it were twenty years afterward. Donovan is an ill-tempered, desperate character, and is the terror of the neighborhood, particularly when under the influence of liquor, which is often the case. Ostensibly, at least, he is the owner of a small property on the north side of Dare's Hill, and it is said that several executions are pending against him which he is unable to satisfy. He knew that the Squibbs had money in the house, and probably availed himself of the opportunity to gratify his revenge and supply himself with the money to settle his liabilities at the same time. The wounds upon the heads of the victims are all on the right side, showing pretty conclusively that they were inflicted by a left-handed person, and Donovan is a left-handed man.

The murder was discovered on Monday morning, about ten o'clock, and the victims of the brutal outrage, both the living and the dead, must have lain where they were found, during the whole of Sunday night, up to the hour mentioned. George Snelbaker, a grandson of Mr. Squibb, came to the house about ten o'clock to borrow an auger, and was the first person who knew

anything of the deed after the murderers had fled. The alarm was immediately given, and the neighbors collected from far and near to witness the awful spectacle and to devise some means of bringing the guilty parties to justice. George Squibb was found lying face downward, upon the porch, with a pool of coagulated blood around him, and his features covered beyond recognition with the same. He was insensible but not dead. He lived until half-past twelve o'clock on Monday night. There were fourteen wounds on the right side of his head, thirteen of which had penetrated to the brain, and, of course, he remained perfectly unconscious to the time of his death. The little granddaughter was lying dead in the kitchen, with the back part of her head crushed in, showing that the fiend who robbed her of her innocent life must have accomplished his purpose by using a heavy hammer or some similar instrument. Close beside the corpse of the child, Mrs. Mary Squibb was lying in a state of insensibility and covered with blood. She had three wounds on the right side of the head, one of which produced a slight fracture of the skull. Although at the present writing very feeble and greatly prostrated by the terrible shock her nervous system has sustained, there are slight hopes of her recovery entertained by her attending physician. Should she survive, she unquestionably will be able to identify the persons who committed the murder, or should she ever be so far restored as to be able to state what might be received as her dying testimony, it will either tend to convict the party now accused, or relieve him entirely from the

infamous crime which is charged upon him. The amount of money carried away by the murderers cannot be ascertained. It is supposed, however, to be some three or four hundred dollars. About the same amount was left in one of the bureau drawers untouched, having escaped the search of the plunderers. There was nothing left or found on the premises to indicate what kind of an instrument had been used by the assassin, but it would seem from the appearance of the wounds that they were inflicted with a blunt piece of wood or iron. The awful deed has thrown a gloom over the community, and the surviving relatives of the murdered family are receiving the warmest and most heartfelt expressions of sympathy.

The illustration on this page shows a view of the house where the horrible tragedy was enacted. The spot is an isolated, lonely one, and the frequent occurrence of such crimes will break in upon the feeling of security, which heretofore has pervaded the rural districts of our happy country.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

The spring meeting of the Hudson County Agricultural Society was held at Hoboken, N. J., on the 19th ult., and continued four days. It proved to be one of the most brilliant and successful affairs of the kind ever held in America. The weather was magnificent, the attendance unprecedentedly large, and the trials of speed between the various horses brought upon the course most satisfactory. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the steeple-chase on the last day, which we illustrate on this page.

This was a race of three miles over the rough ground inside the track, with twenty-seven jumps. There is an irresistible attraction for sight-seers and curiosity-seekers to any place where anybody runs a risk of life or limb, or where it is expected that anybody will break his neck or put it in imminent jeopardy. The running horses seem to be gaining popularity for the very insufficient reason that they go swift, and steeple-chasing draws more spectators than mere racing for the reason that people love excitement and relish anything that thrills the nerves.

The route for the steeple-chase, commencing on the regular track over one hurdle, passed thence into the field over two or three rail fences, about four feet high; at the opposite side led over a fourteen feet field ditch, thence around on the inside, over several rail fences to the brush and water-jump. The horses



THE SCENE OF THE LATE BUTCHERY OF THE SQUIBB FAMILY, WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP, YORK COUNTY, PENN.—SKETCHED BY GEO. W. M'ELROY.

were to go three times around, coming on to the regular track at the last round, and making in all twenty-seven jumps.

Of the four horses starting in this chase, only two succeeded in completing the rounds. The winner at the Paterson steeple-chase the week before, fell, throwing the rider and injuring him fatally.

The particular feature of the race, shown in the picture, is the vaulting over several hurdles in succession by two of the horses simultaneously.

Much of the satisfaction afforded by these races was due to the good management of the lessee of the grounds, Colonel McDaniel, assisted by the efficient and energetic Secretary and Superintendent of the Association, Messrs. J. Harvey Lyons and John M. Francis.

The popular Caterer, Mr. Charles F. Leftman, contributed greatly to the comfort of the crowd of spectators, by providing an abundance of such good things as their wants craved, no unimportant matter on such an occasion.

THE CAROLINA TWINS,

Now on Exhibition at Barnum's Museum.

THIS strange freak of nature is the blending together of two colored girls in a manner more thorough than the linking of the Siamese Twins. In the case of the latter, a ligament about two inches and a half in diameter binds the twain together at the region of the stomach, and this ligament being the only point of connection between the two brothers, the individuality of each is distinct, except in respect to this link. The Carolina Twins, as this latter wonder is styled, are placed together, back to back, and instead of a mere ligament, the bodies are actually blended into one from the bottom of the trunk to a short distance above the lower ribs. Throughout the point of contact there is but a single spinal column. Above the connecting point the spine branches off, forming two distinct human beings, with separate stomachs, two hearts, two heads, the regular allowance of arms, etc. Below the point of contact there is the proper supply of legs for two persons; but in each, the nerves of sensation, which centre in the spinal column, affect both girls in precisely the same degree, while there is independent action above the point of contact. To explain our meaning better, we would say, that if a visitor were to touch Millie upon the toe, Christina would immediately turn her head in response to the touch; while pinches upon the arm, or a touch upon any part of the body above the point of contact, would only be felt by the person touched.

Except at the part of the body where the twins are blended into one, and where one set of functions serve the purposes of both, there are but few points of difference between these strange children and ordinary humanity. Most curious among the exceptions is the fact, that, while the heart of one of the girls is in its proper place, that organ is upon the right side of the other. Their pulses never beat in common, there being a complete alternation in the beatings, and both working with the regularity of a pendulum. The girls are bright and intelligent for their condition in life. They sing, play, dance, read, write and converse, and do all with sprightliness and good humor. They chat with each other almost incessantly when not otherwise occupied, and the two talk with different persons upon different subjects at the same moment. They seem perfectly cheerful in their strangely blended condition, declare that they know of no inconvenience resulting from it, and protest that they would be unhappy if they were separated, were such a thing possible.

The twins are about fourteen years old. They were born in Columbus County, North Carolina. Their father and mother were healthy, well-formed persons, and the mother gave birth to sixteen children, beside the strange pair whom we have attempted to describe. All their brothers and sisters were properly formed boys and girls. North Carolina, which was the birth-place of



THE "CAROLINA TWINS," MILLIE AND CHRISTINA, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

these twins, seems to enjoy a sort of monopoly of such strange natural productions. It will be remembered that the Siamese Twins have made their home in that State.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE establishment of English Opera in this city has been an achievement long desired and frequently attempted, but with such varied success as to dishearten nearly every manager who has undertaken the enterprise.

It has been reserved for Mr. Julius Eichberg to attain a triumph that others have sought in vain. For some weeks he has produced, at the French Theatre, his

sparkling and graceful "Doctor of Alcantara," and other operas, that have been received with great favor by crowded and appreciative audiences.

The acting and singing have been excellent; and while there are, doubtless, defects, we are disposed to overlook them, in the desire to foster and encourage an effort that promises so much and has succeeded so well. The introduction of Mr. Eichberg's operas may properly be regarded as inaugurating a new era in the history of musical enterprise in this city. By sustaining home talent, we shall have better performances, and a more improved musical taste, while by trusting to our own resources we can at all times, provide such entertainments as will please and profit.

We have selected for illustration the scene in the second act. The "Good night, Señor Balthazar!" is one of the best things in the opera, the rendition of which by the artist is extremely happy. Mr. Ketchum, as Señor Balthazar, convulses the audience with his varied manifestations and agitation at being left alone; terror indescribable is depicted on every feature, but he is at length relieved from his fears on the assemblage of the family, and all ends happily.

CONTRASTS IN NEW YORK.

A LARGE city is an epitome of the world, comprising every condition of social existence, and presenting all the phases of human life. Wealth, and all it commands of comfort, influence and enjoyment; Poverty, and all it suffers of sorrow, and wretchedness, and despair; Refinement, springing from virtue and intelligence; Coarseness, growing out of vice and depravity; Taste, the result of high culture and enlarged ideas; Vulgarity, the resultant of ignorance: all these exist side by side, and make up the variety of city life. And in no city are these differences more marked than in New York. Our population represents almost every nationality, forming a kind of social conglomerate, in which the various individual peculiarities are retained, giving character to the whole mass, while all is crystallized into a distinct form, unlike any other, and possessing its own generic distinctions. It is a common but mistaken notion that, because the metropolis is the centre of enterprise, and capital, and influence, it must likewise be the concentration of all comfort, and wealth, and domestic enjoyment. These do exist here in their most attractive forms, but they exist in juxtaposition with all that is sad, and miserable, and repulsive in life.

On our outside pages we present some of the contrasts that exist in our city, and make up its distinctive character. And these, so far from being exaggerations or caricatures, barely afford an idea of what would strike even the casual observer. The quiet, orderly, virtuous citizen, while on his way to church with his family, will be almost deafened with the hoarse cries of newboys, or shocked by the brutal cursings of the rabble, who defy law and outrage decency. The millionaire, whose costly mansion contains every luxury and convenience and comfort that money can command, may look from his lordly windows upon the rude hovel of the miserable squatter, who gladly calls some squalid shanty his home. The successful merchant, whose business is summed up by scores of millions, has an earnest competitor in the street vender of nuts, and candies, and toys.

Each thoroughfare presents its own type of fashion and social standing and exclusiveness; and the frequenters of our various promenades are as different in their appearance and character as if they lived on opposite sides of the globe. The daughters of fortune amuse themselves in viewing the costly fabrics and rich products that our fashionable stores offer for their inspection and purchase; the daughters of perdition pass a few gay hours heeding the siren song of forbidden pleasure that leads to ruin and shame.

Central Park is enlivened with gay equipages and joyous rambles, proving a perpetual delight; while a few squares away are the filthy offal wharves, the repulsive receptacles of what is cast away in all our homes and streets. And so we might proceed: but the picture explains itself, and gives, at a single view, a glance at life as it is. Its lessons are obvious, and each reader can form his own conclusions.

VICE should excite shame for its own sake, and not for the censure which it may incur from others. The virtue of him who is guarded from temptation only by the fear of the world and the probability of detection, is certainly fortified by feeble defenses.



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA," BY JULIUS EICHBERG, AT THE FRENCH THEATRE, FOURTEENTH STREET, N. Y., BY THE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE NOW PERFORMING THERE.

THE EMPTY NEST.

You ask my Annie for a wife, my sweetest and my best,
The last of all the darlings that once filled the dear-home nest,
And with kindly care and tenderness you pray I, too, will come,
To live a loved and honored guest within your pleasant home;
You say that, for the share in that poor child-heart you have won,
You'll render back to me the love and duty of a son.

Yes; I will come; my children all are scattered far and wide,
My sons and daughters each have found their own warm fireside;
My own would seem too desolate, too dreary, and too lone,
When this, my last sweet birdie, from my sheltering wing is gone;
But, oh, 'tis not without a pang, I bid my home farewell,
And go—beneath another roof, in other walls, to dwell.

My life has been a peaceful life—few trials in the past,
And I still can keep a cheerful heart, chastened, but not o'ercast;
I would not have been spared one cross, not even that which left
My life of its far dearer part forsaken and bereft;
For if no trial had been sent, nor any grief been given,
I might have doubted of my hope for happiness in heaven.

Yes, all has been as it should be; and in the days to come
I may live in pleasant usefulness in your bright, cheerful home;
But none can ever be as dear, or seem so fair and good,
As where I came a bride, and knew the grief of widowhood;
I hardly know which sanctifies and gives the highest worth—
That here I've known my deepest joy and heaviest grief on earth.

My dear old home! how fair it stands amid its wide green lawn—
Its trees, grand in their stately growth, the grass so smoothly shorn!
The rose-trees round the porch will still grow taller day by day,
And the hedge be just as thick and trim when I am far away;
The garden borders, here and there, bright as they were before—
But I must not call it now my home—it will know me soon no more.

The wide, high hall will be as cool in summer's sultry days,
The parlor just as bright and warm in the clear Christmas blaze,
And around the hospitable hearth, perhaps, just as of old,
Friends gather close, and songs be sung, and many tales be told;
And like my own dear parents, in reverend age be seen
Some grandpapa and grandmama, to keep their memory green.

'Twill always warm my heart to turn in fancy back again
To where I've felt the most I'll know of this world's joy and pain;
Its walls are precious to my heart, 'tis sanctified to me
As none, however bright or glad, again can ever be;
'Tis grown like a forsaken nest, with all the young birds flown;
I love it still, but cannot dwell here desolate and lone.

COUSIN KATE.

BY G. CLIFFORD.

"WELL, Miss Blonde, of all the stupid wills in the world, I think the will your father made was the stupidest. I wouldn't love such a father a bit—although he is dead and gone."

"You must bear in mind, Madge, that my father's only sister married against her father's consent, and when her husband secured her money, all he cared for was to waste it. This must plead some excuse for my poor father, who, I am told, cried with vexation when he was told I was a girl, and not a boy, as he had hoped."

"Do you remember your father, Miss Blonde?"
"Well, I have a faint recollection of a very grave man, who would come now and then into my nursery and pat me on my head; but I was only six when he died, and as I lost my mother when I was quite an infant, I, of course, have not the slightest recollection of her. Since then I have lived with my old bachelor uncle, Mr. Egerton, the only one of my guardians I like."

"To think that you cannot marry without the consent of four nasty old fellows, who never knew what love was in all their lives! And if you do marry without their consent, you only have two thousand dollars a year for your life, while your splendid fortune goes to found an institute for lunatics—I declare it is enough to drive any young lady mad, and make her one of the first patients for her father's brilliant idea. Oh, if I were you, Miss Blonde, I'd outwit those old rascals, your guardians, that I would!"

Our readers will gather from this brief dialogue

that Madge was Blonde's waiting-maid, and that Blonde was an orphan and an heiress. Her father, Mr. Delmar, had been a Boston merchant, but eventually settled in New York, where he made a large fortune, which he left to his only child, under such stringent conditions, that her marriage became almost an impossibility, unless she chose to sacrifice her wealth, and content herself with the mere pittance of two thousand dollars a year. Mr. Delmar had been induced to this step from a profound disgust of the marriage state.

He had, when quite an elderly man, married one of those detestable things called flirts, whose only pursuit was dress, pleasure and frivolity. Being a reserved man, he bore his burden silently; but it gave him such a distaste for marriage, that when he heard his wife had given him a daughter instead of a son, he declared that if he could help it, she should never make a man miserable, as her mother had done. He therefore selected from his numerous acquaintances—for he had no friends—four of the most opposite characters he could find, and left them guardians to his daughter. Let us in a few words describe them.

Mr. Lucre was a mean, miserly man, who never had a thought beyond money. With the usual retribution of Providence, his son, Tinsel Lucre, was one of those insufferable exquisites who make Beau Brummel their models. He was a complete copy of Lord Dandery. He cultivated the same insane whisks, imitated the same style of pronunciation, and occasionally would, by an almost supernatural concentration of his mental energies, produce a conundrum. This effort, however, generally produced a severe mental prostration, and required several bottles of eau-de-Cologne to restore him to his former condition. In a word, Mr. Tinsel Lucre was one of those languid swells who come out of their bandboxes every afternoon for the special admiration of the ladies. He did not speak—he drawled over his words, his most eloquent speeches being, "Distinctly so!" "Pawtively no!" "By Jove, you pawtively astawmish me!"

His notions of a lady's food were ice-cream, rattle cakes, and a very small glass of green seal. He once cut a lady's acquaintance because at a supper she took two sardines, which he declared were sufficient for the army of Texas. He avoided loud talkers as he did a pestilence, always speaking himself in so low and languid a tone that it was inaudible a yard off. His taste in dress was equally fastidious—one of his apothegms being that it took six articles to make a glove, one for each finger and two for the thumb. Such was old Lucre's only son and heir, and the one whom his father had determined should marry the whole-souled and lively Blonde. Mr. Egerton, who had the personal care of her, was of a very different stock: he was a retired merchant, very fond of his garden, his house, his grounds, and his library. He was a gentleman and a man of the strictest honor. Owing to a disappointment in early life, he remained a bachelor all his days, finding more consolation in his quiet pursuits than in the delusive snares of wife and children. The malignant stupidity of his friend Delmar's will was a great source of annoyance to him, and if he could do anything to modify its selfish severity, he would most cordially do it.

Mr. Solomon Grabham was another of her guardians, and belonged to the same class as old Lucre; he was a wealthy drygoods merchant, and dearly loved his money. His only child Mr. Barnabas Grabham, was just the reverse of his father, being extravagant and always hard up, partly the result of his own improvidence and partly the result of his father's parsimony. Despite all his father's lectures nothing would induce Barnabas to attend to business, and when he did, he made such alarming blunders, that at last his father was reconciled to his absence from the store, and allowed him a certain sum for his outside expenses. This, however, went a very little way with a man of his prodigal habits. The last of this singular band of guardians was Mr. Stately: he was an Englishman, who, having visited this country as a managing partner of a Liverpool house, married an American lady, and made it his home. His son, Ephraim, was one of those sneaking and cowardly young men who now and then shame the human shape. His father was pompous and conceited, and despite his reverence for riches, really considered it a great honor for his son to marry an American lady.

As Mr. Egerton lived in the country, and as there was no sympathy between him and his brother guardians, Blonde had never seen any of those aspirants to her hand, or rather, to her fortune, and the guardians themselves only came once a year, and sometimes not even so often. By her father's will she was not to enter on her rights until her twenty-second birthday, and that eventful period was on the very point of arrival. She was then to accept a husband at the hands of her guardians, or to remain single all her life, unless she chose to marry whom she pleased on the love-in-a-cottage stipend of two thousand dollars a year. But Blonde had already fallen in love, and not with any of the suitors whom she had never seen, but with a very handsome, serious, learned, and accomplished man, named Claude Vesey, who had been for the last two years her tutor; for, fond of learning himself, Mr. Egerton resolved that his ward, for whom he cherished a fond affection, should have an education worthy of her position and wealth.

The all-important day arrived when Blonde was to test her fate. Madge informed her the first she would have to encounter would be old Lucre. Blonde received him with great cordiality, and in reply to his question, as to whether she had ever seen his son, replied that she had seen his photograph, which, if it was anything like him, was enough of itself to fascinate any woman.

"You are still a very handsome man yourself, Mr. Lucre. Now, from what I hear of your son, he is just the one I shall choose—indeed, I will make this bargain with you: I engage to give the

preference to your son, if you will give me your promise, in writing, not to withhold your consent from any one I may choose, in the event of your son rejecting me."

"Reject you! Why, he must be mad to reject you; he is coming to-morrow for that very purpose."

"Then you agree to my terms?"

"Certainly," replied old Lucre, and begged Blonde to give him writing materials.

Blonde called Madge to bring the necessary articles in, and was told to wait to witness the memorandum.

"Madge," said her mistress, "you know what I think of Mr. Lucre's son, and that it is my intention to give him the preference, if he will accept me. In consideration of this promise, Mr. Lucre consents to waive his power if his son refuses to marry me."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lucre; "and here is the same in black and white; the promise of Silas Lucre is as good as gold. Now, young woman, witness this."

Madge did as requested; and after warmly applauding Blonde's taste in selecting his son, old Lucre took his departure, actually slipping into Madge's hand a dollar as a *douceur*.

When left to themselves, Blonde and her adviser, Madge, had a quiet laugh.

"Leave a woman alone," said the latter, "if, when she tries, she cannot outwit all the men in the world."

When old Grabham was introduced, Blonde told Madge she need not leave the room, as what she had to say was no secret to her.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Grabham," was Blonde's welcome to the old miser, "I congratulate you on having such a son. Why, I am positively in love from merely seeing his photograph. What a charming expression of countenance! I can, however, trace the same in you. He has derived his face and fortune from you."

Old Grabham, miser as he was, felt the fascination of such words from such a pretty mouth as Blonde's, and he assured her how delighted he was to hear her say them.

"Now, Mr. Grabham," said Blonde, in her most winning manner, "can you keep a secret?"

Old Grabham vowed he could, but pointed at Madge.

"Oh," said Blonde, "it's no secret to her; I tell her every thought that comes into my head. I am afraid, from your nice sense of honor, you will think I am not treating the other suitors fairly; but as woman's happiness is her all in all—"

"The secret, my dear lady!—the secret!" said old Grabham. "I am sure you wouldn't act unfairly for all the young men in the United States."

"You only do me justice," observed Blonde, "and I thank you. Now, I am a proud woman, and do not like to be dictated to; so I have resolved to choose your son Barnabas as my future husband, on one condition, which is, that if he should reject me, you will make no opposition to my choice."

"But I know he will not reject you, my dear girl."

"Well, then, if you are sure he won't, we are sure to be married, and you can have no hesitation in giving me your written promise, as I have requested."

The old miser sat for a few moments, as though in doubt.

"I know it is a whim; but you should remember I am but one of the *whim-men*, as women ought to be spelt," observed Blonde, carelessly. "Yes or no, Mr. Grabham? I am a very self-willed and obstinate girl, despite my amiability."

Old Grabham looked into the large, honest eyes of the fair heiress, and said:

"Honor bright, Miss Delmar, you solemnly promise to marry my son?"

"That's if he does not reject me. I suppose you do not want me to drag him to the altar, and marry him *willily nilly*?"

"I will do it now. Where is pen, ink and paper?"

Madge witnessed the old man's signature, and Grabham took his departure.

"Remember, Mr. Grabham, this is a secret, even from your son. It isn't quite right for a young lady to confess as much as I have to you, but I know your son will make an excellent husband."

When old Grabham had left the room, Blonde shrugged her lovely shoulders, and said:

"Heaven forgive me for this trick, and you, dear Madge, for suggesting it—I don't know which is the worst!"

Madge laughingly said:

"For mercy's sake! I would tell a bushel of fibs, and play a hundred tricks, innocent as this, to marry the man I love, and the girl that wouldn't, cannot care a fig whether she marries the right or the wrong man, so long as she gets a husband!"

Blonde succeeded equally well with Mr. Stately, her third guardian. As Mr. Egerton had no son, and wanted only that she should entirely consult her own taste in the matter, there was no need to gain his consent. She did not, however, much as she loved him, let him into her ingenious but daring plot to get rid of the necessity of consulting her guardians, all of whom she had reached by appealing to their selfishness, for not one of them, of course, for a moment thought that one of their sons would ever refuse her hand.

In order to carry out, with the greatest probability of success, the erratic scheme proposed by Madge, Blonde had arranged that an hour should elapse between the visit of each suitor, and that they should come in a certain order, so that she might deal with them to the most advantage. The first that arrived was that prince of exquisites, Mr. Tinsel Lucre. He came in his elegant little brougham, closely covered from the wind and dust, just, as Shakespeare says, "They should visit his cheeks too rudely."

When Mr. Egerton's ladies ushered him into

rawing-room, where Blonde was to see her suitors, Mr. Tinsel threw himself into an easy chair, and taking a small smelling-bottle from his pocket, said, in a low tone to himself:

"What fearful roads there are in these *haunted paws*. How a lady of Miss Delmar's delicacy and refinement can bury herself in such a barbarous place is to me *distinctly and pawtively* amazing!"

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by hearing a female voice shouting in a loud tone:

"Catch my pony, you old fool, or I'll break every bone in your ugly skin!"

The next moment and the owner of the loud voice stood before him. It was Blonde Delmar, the lively heiress of the Cedars. In one hand she held a large carrot, from which she had just taken a good bite.

"How are you, my boy? I know you by the description, but I'm darned if I thought to see such a swell. Why, where's the bandbox you came in? Oh! hullo! What a stench! Oh! I dare say it's what you call the *parfumery*! Here, Madge, you hussey, bring us a little chloride of lime. Here's young Lucre got his pockets stuffed with all the trash of a perfumer's shop."

As she said this, she went up to the astonished exquisite, and giving him a slap on the back, which nearly broke it and disturbed the arrangement of his immaculate tie and collar, saying nothing of his symmetrical curls, every separate hair of his mustache quivered, and the soul of young Tinsel was shaken to its centre. When Madge entered with a small fumigating vessel, Blonde said:

"Did you ever smell a fellow like that? Fumigate him!"

Young Lucre sat in a stupor of astonishment, as though paralyzed; but when Blonde advanced to where he sat, and after having taken an enormous bite of the carrot which she carried in her hand, as though it had been a broomstick, and thrust it within an inch of his mouth, exclaimed, "Take a bite, Tinsel?" he could only waive her away with his hands, and commend himself to the protection of heaven.

"And so, young Bandbox, you and I are going to be married? I'm agreeable. You're rather good-looking, and I'll soon take all that starch and perfumery out of you. I'll make a decent chap of you, I'll warrant. I hope you are fond of pork and beans, billed beef and cabbage and sour kroust, for I mean to live off them. Come, stir your stumps, young Bandbox, I want to take you to see my stables; and, Madge, you hussey, get a couple of brooms: he shall help me sweep the stalls of my favorite ponies. It's a fancy of mine, and I always do it; but when I am married I mean to make my husband do it for me."

Madge ran out, and before Tinsel Lucre could say a word and in an instant, brought a couple of old, dirty brooms, one of which Blonde forced into the hands of the utterly bewildered dandy. Blonde then took his hat, and, putting it on his head the wrong way, knocked it on with such violence that young Lucre's politeness completely gave way, and when the parlor-door was opened, he called to his groom in as loud a voice as he could command: "Frappeau, take me away before I am *pawtively* murdered."

Then, dropping the broom, he walked down toward his carriage, closely followed by Blonde and Madge.

"Come, look here, young Bandbox—do you mean to say you won't marry me? I thought you came on purpose. I'm willing to say 'Snip,' if you'll say 'Snap.'"

As young Lucre was about to escape into his carriage, Blonde caught hold of him, saying, "Now, you are not going to sneak off without saying 'Yes' or 'No.' Will you or will you not marry me?"

"No! distinctly and pawtively, No!" said young Lucre.

"You hear that, Madge? And you, young man, you hear it, too?" The last words were addressed to Frappeau, who said, "I do, marm, distinctly."

Blonde and Madge then ran up the steps of the porch, while the horror-stricken exquisite was driven away to recover his serenity at his club in New York.

Barnabas Grabham was, as we have already said, very extravagant, and, consequently, always hard up. The consequence was, that a dollar to-day looked larger than ten dollars to-morrow. Blonde had ascertained from her guardian, Mr. Egerton, a few particulars about his colleagues and their sons, which she now turned to good account. When Mr. Barnabas Grabham was announced, she received him with a forbidding courtesy and a pleasant gravity, which impressed him with a great idea of her firmness of character and her strength of will. After the interchange of the usual civilities of the day, he thought to himself, "That lady, if she says 'I tell,' means it, and also keeps to her 'I won't.'"

She had also changed her dress, and made herself look as forbidding and unattractive as possible.

After a pause, she said:

"Mr. Barnabas Grabham, I have heard a great deal of your excellent common sense, and I am about to make a proposition which will test it. I also know that you are a man of honor, and when a lady makes you her *confidant*, nothing can ever tempt you to betray it. Am I right?"

Young Grabham shrugged his shoulders, as he replied:

"My dear Miss Delmar, I won't say anything about my common sense—there I have strong doubts; but I will endorse the good opinion you express of my being a man of honor, and that nothing would ever make me betray any confidence a lady might do me the honor to repose in me."

"I was sure of it," was Blonde's reply. "Now, I am going to confide to you a great secret: Three of my guardians wish me to marry their sons. Now, if my heart were not already engaged, you would be my choice; but my faith is pledged to another. As I told you, I am a very straight-

forward person, so you must pardon my direct way of going to work. If you will write me a few lines, declining my hand, I will give you two thousand dollars down this very minute, and another two thousand the day I am married. Is it a bargain? Four thousand dollars are better than nothing; and I tell you candidly, much as I am impressed with your appearance, nothing will ever induce me to marry any but the man to whom my faith is pledged."

The lingering manhood in the young man's nature was stirred and roused into life; there was an evident struggle in his breast, as he rose and said:

"Miss Delmar, I perceive there are pens, ink and paper here. So here is my answer." He went to the table and wrote a positive refusal of Blonde's hand. Giving it to her, he said: "Miss Delmar, I have done what you wished. I can guess your purpose. Although overwhelmed with debt, I am an American gentleman, and need no bribery to fulfill a lady's request."

He was about leaving the room, when Blonde detained him.

"Mr. Graham, I decline being outdone in generosity, even by one of your noble nature; if you wish to make me your friend and debtor for life, you will not refuse this little testimony of my gratitude—if only as a loan. Pray do not wound my feelings by rejecting it."

The young man closed his eyes as though fighting with himself, then, taking it, he said:

"You will not think meanly of me, if I take this as a loan for a short time?"

Dowing to her, he left the room.

Blonde's heart gave a bound. "Only one more experiment, and I am safe."

When Madge came to inquire the result, she found her mistress resting her head on her hand and buried in thought.

"Ah, Madge, if my heart were not Claude's, I have seen the man who should have had it. But now, Madge," continued Blonde, "prepare for your part in this most absurd, and—if it were not for the magnitude of the stake I play for—most humiliating farce."

Madge went up to her mistress, and, kissing her forehead, left the room. Blonde paused for a minute or two, and followed her faithful attendant. When Mr. Ephraim Stately was announced, Blonde told the servant to inform him that she would be with him in a few minutes. When she entered the room where her suitor was seated, she was accompanied by two enormous dogs, of which she heard young Stately had a perfectly childish terror. In her hand she brandished a large whip, and every now and then she made the throng resound like a small clap of thunder. The dogs leapt up around her, while she encouraged them in the roughest style. Ephraim looked at her all eyes, as though he was perfectly astonished.

"What are you staring at, you young noodle?" said Blonde.

"I wish to see Miss Delmar," said young Stately, in a half-frightened voice.

"And who in the name of thunder am I? Do I look like her Biddy?"

"Excuse me," replied her suitor; "then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Delmar!"

"Allow me the honor of saying that if you had one grain of sense, either common or uncommon, you need not have asked such a question! For my honor, I am so provoked I've half a mind to set these dogs at you! That I have!"

The young man looked as though he would like to sink into his boots, if his boots had only been a trifle larger.

Blonde now began to play with her dogs, whose delight and vivacity displayed itself by springing about, sometimes almost over the head of Blonde. These gambols made her suitor evidently feel very uncomfortable.

Madge at this minute entered, saying:

"Oh, Miss Blonde, here's Major Rupert Bounce, come! he looks handsome and fiercer than ever."

Turning to young Stately, Madge said:

"Major Bounce is my young lady's favorite young man; he's such a spirit, he has killed more men about here than all the doctors put together. If you go to our churchyard, you will see on half the tombstones there the saying: 'Killed in single combat by Major Rupert Bounce.'"

"What do you mean, you impudent hussy, by talking to Mr. Stately in my presence? but I'll teach you manners!"

As she said this Blonde began to cut Madge about the head and shoulders with the whip, and when young Stately, alarmed by the pretended cries of Madge, said:

"Pray, Miss Blonde, don't strike the poor girl so hard."

Blonde furiously turned upon him and slashed him about the legs with some real blows, while those, of course, she dealt upon Madge were all feigned.

Poor young Stately hopped and danced about the room, while Blonde indulged in the fiercest vituperation, and lashed him with all her vigor.

While Blonde was thus employed, Madge took the opportunity to escape.

"Pon my honor," said Blonde, "I'm out of breath, so I'll let you off this time; but when we are married, if you dare ever to contradict or oppose me, disobey me, or in any way to say your soul's your own, I'll put you into strips with my whip, and then set my dogs on you. Do you know, Mr. Stately, that these dogs are so fond of me, that if I were but to say the word, they would devour you alive!"

The poor young man shuddered, as well he might.

"Don't be afraid," said Blonde; "my rage is all over now; so let us sit down, and I'll hear what you have to say."

Young Stately took a chair at some little distance from the bouncing heiress of the Cedars, and sat as though he were on nitro-glycerine.

"Don't be afraid of me," said Blonde, moving her chair nearer to her terrified suitor; "I'm perfectly harmless when my rage is over, but I

will own that when the fit is on me, I am doubly dangerous, as the fire insurance fellows call it; and no wonder: four of my grandmothers all died raving mad, and it required strait-waistcoats instead of shrouds to hold them in their coffins. I only hope they will behave themselves at the Resurrection."

A shudder, like a strong case of shills and fever, shook the entire frame of the unhappy Stately.

"Now, youthful Stately," cried Blonde, "are you, or are you not, going to pop the question, or are you a born idiot?"

"Miss Blonde, I hardly know what I ought to say; but—I can assure you that you must not be angry with me—but in obedience to my father's command, I have come to-day to offer you my 'and hand' art."

"Then, sir," replied Blonde, flourishing her whip in the air, as though she was horse-whipping some imaginary person, "since you have come here to make love to me in obedience to your father's will, I command you to go down on your knees to me, the only proper position for a man to assume when he offers a lady his 'and hand' art!"

As Blonde called to her dogs and brandished her whip as she spoke, young Stately sank on his knees before the lovely termagant, and was about to speak, when the door opened, and an officer in the Zouave uniform entered the room.

"Why, Major Bounce!" said Blonde, "how glad I am to see you!"

"Madam," roared the young officer, drawing his sword, "who is this man who has dared to insult you?—he must die!"

"Spare him, dear major; I know that killing a man is nothing to you, but for the sake of my new carpet, allow me to plead in extenuation of his crime—for it is a crime to aspire to the hand you have won, whether the presumptuous individual knows it or not; but his father is the cause of all his anguish."

"Then," said the young officer, "his father shall die as well—let that console the wretched son!"

Young Stately was utterly bewildered, and remained on his knees, looking first at one and then at the other.

"Presumptuous man!" said the young officer, "a man can only die once, and as he must die once, it cannot possibly matter to him when; for if a man must pay his tailor, and he has the spondules in his pocket, he cannot be called upon at a better time to step up to the captain's office and settle. Now, you have life: that is just the exact amount sufficient to discharge your debt to nature—so die!"

As he said this, he brandished his sabre over him, and flourished his legs in true Zouave and acrobatic style.

"What am I to be killed for?" inquired the unfortunate youth.

"For daring to love the idol of my heart!"

"But I don't love her."

"Then how dare you to offer to marry her?"

"Because my father told me."

"Then you have to thank your father for being killed," cried the young officer, in stentorian voice. Then, after a short pause, he said: "On second thoughts, if you really don't want to marry this young personage, I may be induced to let you off, although I haven't killed a man for nearly a month, and my average is one a week."

As he said this, my young enemy, I will make your mind easy on one point. I'll have you buried in a nice, healthy, gravelly soil, and I'll kill you without any unnecessary pain. If you decide in favor of swords, I'll only pass my weapon once through your body, and after carefully wiping the blood-stained blade on your cravat, I'll tenderly insinuate it once more through your heart, in order that you may avoid the horrors of being buried alive; and then I will pay for a first-rate obituary in the New York Times, and endorse you as a gentleman."

Like Bob Acres, the valor of Ephraim Stately oozed out at his fingers' ends.

At last he mustered up courage sufficient to say:

"Mr. Soldier, if you are spoiling for a fight, I am willing to oblige you, but I must go to New York first, for I want to read the conclusion of that capital story in the 'CHIMNEY CORNER.'"

"No you don't," said Major Bounce; "you can't fool this chicken that way; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll kill somebody else instead of you, on one condition"—and here the major flourished his sword about the young poltroon's head.

"What's the condition?" asked young Stately.

"You say you don't want to marry Miss Delmar?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, if you will write her a letter declining the honor of her fair hand, I won't kill you."

Young Stately cheerfully complied with the request, and when all was signed and sealed, Major Bounce gave him his hand, saying:

"Sir, I have never seen a man so providentially saved from an early grave as you have been. I came here on purpose to kill you, and I must say I feel horribly disappointed."

The young man then made good his escape, leaving the valiant major and Blonde nearly convulsed with laughter.

When young Stately had gone, the Major took off the whiskers, mustache and military cap, and untying the long hair which had been curled up beneath it, revealed the merry face of the ingenious Madge.

When Blonde told Mr. Egerton the manner in which she had gained her point, he looked exceedingly grave for a minute, and felt inclined to blame her, but when she told him that the prize was her happiness, he took her in his arms and agreed that the justification was ample.

Blonde and Claude did not spend all their time in reading the classics, after their marriage, for when we met them at Saratoga, last year, they seemed to enjoy their rides as much as though there had never been such a thing as philosophy in the world, but only love.

TRACKING.

The patience and skill with which Indians follow a trail have always excited the astonishment of civilized nations. In tracking game or pursuing an enemy, their precision is unerring, and tracks that would entirely escape ordinary observation are perfectly clear to the denizens of the forest. Col. Marcy, in his recently published work, gives the following account of the aptness of the Indians in this respect:

Almost all the Indians I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develop facilities so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

I have seen very few white men who were good trackers, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard; they have not the same acute perceptions for these things as the Indian or the Mexican.

A party of Indians, for example, starting out upon a war excursion, leave their families behind, and never transport their lodges; whereas, when they move with their families, they carry their lodges and other effects. If, therefore, an Indian trail is discovered with the marks of the lodge-poles upon it, it has certainly not been made by a war-party; but if the track do not show the trace of lodge-poles, it will be equally certain that a war or hunting party has passed that way, and if it is not desired to come in conflict with them, their direction may be avoided. Mustangs or wild horses, when moving from place to place, leave a trail which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from that made by a mounted party of Indians, especially if the mustangs do not stop to graze. This may be determined by following upon the trail until some dung is found, and, if this should lie in a single pile, it is a sure indication that a herd of mustangs has passed, as they always stop to relieve themselves, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the road. If the trail pass through woodland, the mustang will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware, upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians traveling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

At another time, as I was traveling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear track, with a distinctly-marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattery myself that I meant he made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked, with a smile, "Oh, no, captain; maybe so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that, when the wind was blowing the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.

Fresh tracks generally show moisture where the earth has been turned up, but after a short exposure to the sun they become dry. If the tracks be very recent, the sand may sometimes, where it is very loose and dry, be seen running back into the tracks, and, by following them to a place where they cross water, the earth will be wet for some distance after they leave it. It is well to remember whether there have been any rains within a few days, as the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. It is very easy to tell whether tracks have been made before or after a rain, as the water washes off the sharp edges.

In trailing horses, there will be no trouble while the ground is soft, as the impressions they leave will then be deep and distinct; but when they pass over hard or rocky ground, it is sometimes a very slow or troublesome process to follow them. Where there is grass, the trace can be seen for a considerable time, as the grass will be trodden down and bent in the direction the party has moved; should the grass have returned to its upright condition, the trail can often be distinguished by standing upon it, and looking ahead for some distance in the direction it has been pursuing; the grass that has been turned over will show a different shade of green from that around it, and this often marks a trail for a long time.

Should all traces of the track be obliterated in certain localities, it is customary with the Indians to follow on in the direction it has been pursuing for a time, and it is quite probable that in some place where the ground is more favorable it will show itself again. Should the trail not be recovered in this way, they search for a place where the earth is soft, and make a careful examination, embracing the entire area where it is likely to run.

Indians who find themselves pursued and wish to escape, scatter as much as possible, with an understanding that they are to meet again at some point in advance, so that, if the pursuing party follows any one of the tracks, it will invariably lead to the place of rendezvous. If, for example, the trail points in the direction of a mountain-pass, or toward any other place which affords the only passage through a particular section of country, it would not be worth while to spend much time in hunting it, as it would probably be regained at the pass.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOOD.—From experiments made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread, every 100 pounds' weight is found to contain 80 pounds of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 pounds in the 100 pounds; French beans, 80 pounds; peas, 33 pounds, greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 pounds of solid nutritious substance in 100 pounds; carrots, 14 pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 pounds of potatoes only yield 25 pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, 1 pound of good bread is equal to 3 pounds of potatoes; and 75 pounds of bread, and 30 pounds of butcher meat, are equal to 500 pounds of potatoes. Or, again, 1 pound of rice, or of bread beans, is equal to 4 pounds of cabbage and 3 pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families, where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.—One cannot inveigh too much against the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads for any number more than two. "Were I," says a clever writer, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, had enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

GIPSIES IN ENGLAND.

A MAN whom I knew happened to lose his way one dark night in Cambridgeshire. After wandering up and down for some time, he observed a light, at a considerable distance from him, within the skirts of a wood, and, being overjoyed at the discovery, he directed his course toward it; but before reaching the fire, he was surprised at hearing a man, a little way in advance, call out to him, in a loud voice:

"Peace, or not peace?"

The benighted traveler, glad at hearing the sound of a human voice, immediately answered:

"Peace; I am a poor Scotchman, and have lost my way in the dark."

"You can come forward, then," rejoined the sentinel.

When the Scotchman advanced, he found a family of gipsies, with only one tent; but, on being conducted further into the wood, he was introduced to a great company of gipsies. They were busily employed in roasting several whole sheep—turning their carcasses before large fires, on long wooden poles, instead of iron spits. The racks on which the spits turned were also made of wood, driven into the ground crossways, like the letter X. The gipsies were exceedingly kind to the stranger, causing him to partake of the victuals which they had prepared for their feast. He remained with them the whole night, eating and drinking, and dancing with his merry entertainers, as if he had been one of themselves. When day dawned, the Scotchman counted twelve tents within a short distance of each other. On examining his position, he found himself a long way out of his road, but a party of the gipsies voluntarily offered their services, and went with him for several miles, and, with great kindness, conducted him to the road from which he had wandered.

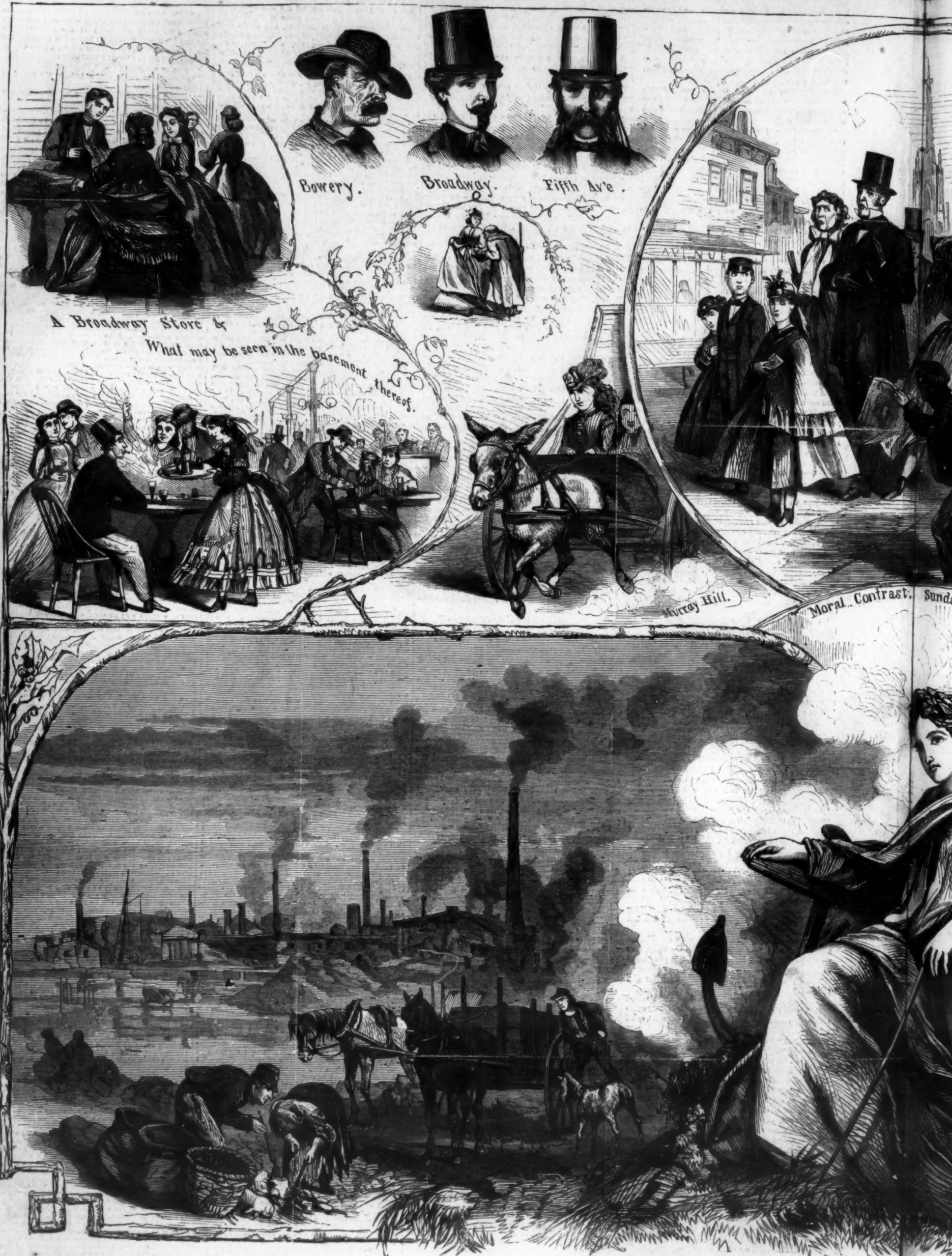
The gipsies, in cooking, make use of neither pot, pan, spit, nor oven. They twist a strong rope of straw, which they wind very tightly around the fowl, just as it is killed, with the whole of its feathers on, and its entrails unloosed. It is then covered with hot peat ashes, and a slow fire is kept up around and about the ashes till the fowl is sufficiently done. When taken out from beneath the fire, it is stripped of its hull, or shell of half-burned straw rope and feathers, and presents a very fine appearance. Those who have tasted poultry cooked by the gipsies in this manner say that it is very palatable and good. In this invisible way these ingenious people could cook stolen poultry, at the very moment, and in the very place, that a search was going on for the pilfered article.

The art of cooking butcher-meat among the gipsies is similar to that of making ready fowls, except that linen and clay are substituted for feathers and straw. The piece of flesh to be cooked is first carefully wrapped up in a covering of cloth or linen rag, and covered over with well-wrought clay, and either frequently turned before a strong fire or covered over with hot ashes till it is roasted, or rather, stewed. The covering or crust of the shape of the article inclosed, and hard with the fire, is broken, and the meat separated from its inner covering of burned rag, which, with the juice of the meat, are reduced to a thick sauce or gravy. Sometimes a little vinegar is poured upon the meat. The tribe are high in their praise of flesh cooked in this manner, declaring that it has a particularly fine flavor. These singular people, I am informed, also boiled the flesh of sheep in the skins of the animals, like the Scottish soldiers in their wars with the English nation, when their camp-kettles were nothing but the hides of the oxen, suspended from poles driven into the ground.

The only mode of cooking butcher-meat bearing any resemblance to that of the gipsies is practiced by some of the tribes of South America, who wrap flesh in leaves, and, covering it over with clay, cook it like the gipsies. Some of the Indians of North America roast deer of a small size in their skins among hot ashes. An individual of great respectability, who had tasted venison cooked in this fashion, said that it was extremely juicy and finely flavored. In the Sandwich Islands, pigs are baked on hot stones, in pits, or in the leaves of the bread-fruit tree, on hot stones, covered over with earth during the operation of cooking. It is probable that the gipsy art of cooking would be among the first modes of making ready animal food, in the first stage of human society, in Asia—the cradle of the human race. Substitute the leaves of trees for linen rags, and what method of cooking can be more primitive than that of our Scottish gipsies.—*Simson's History of the Gipsies.*

THE GLACIAL PERIOD.—At first it seems evident that toward the close of the tertiary period the climate of a large portion of the northern hemisphere was gradually growing colder and colder. In all likelihood the land was somewhat higher than it is now, and as this cold increased, the loftier mountains would become perennially enveloped with snow and glacier, and the surrounding seas with an annual covering of ice. Under this increasing rigor all the more delicate tertiary plants and animals would succumb, and those endowed with greater elasticity of constitution would shift ground to lower and more southern situations. As the cold still increased, the ice-sheet seems to have spread itself even over the lower grounds, to have pushed its way out to sea, and during the thaw and currents of a brief summer to have been drifted off in floes and bergs, as the ice is now, from the coasts of the arctic and antarctic regions. At this stage the terrestrial flora and fauna would be at their minimum, and paralleled, perhaps, by what we now find in Greenland and the islands of the Arctic Ocean. During this setting-in of the glacial epoch, the land, as we shall shortly see, seems to have been gradually subsiding, and this subsidence went on to the extent of 1,500 or 2,000 feet below the existing sea-level, converting a large portion of what is now Europe and America into series of frozen straits and ice-choked islands. When the land seems to have attained its greatest depression the thaw and currents have the zenith and turning-point of the glacial period. After the lapse, perhaps, of ages, a reverse action sets in; the land begins to be re-elevated; a new cycle of temperature commences; and the cold, though still clinging in snow and glacier to the higher hills, is less felt along the lower grounds and neighboring seas. By and by, as the elevation continues, the glaciers melt away from the hill-sides; the icebergs and ice-packs disappear from the seas; the general climate improves; plants and land animals in newer species gradually take possession of the land and the existing order of things is imperceptibly established. Such seems to have been the setting in, the creeping on, the culmination, and the departure of the glacial epoch.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, relates the following: "The term 'Fuss and Feathers,' applied to the old chief, grew out of nothing personal, for he was a man whose personal tastes were very simple. But he was very exact in his discipline, and he required every officer while on duty to be dressed according to his rank in the minutest thing. Gen. Hamilton, who was on his staff, related to me the other day a very characteristic anecdote. The general's headquarters in Mexico comprised two rooms, one opening into the other. In the rear room Gen. Scott slept. One night after the general had retired, one of the staff wanted some water. It was in the front room. The evening was warm and the hour late, being near midnight. The officer started to go in to his chief's quarters. He was cautioned against this experiment as a dangerous one, for if the general caught him in his quarters with his coat off he would punish him. The officer said he would make no noise. He opened the door softly, and went on tip-toe to the water pitcher. He had no time to drink before he heard the tinkle of the bell, and the sentinel outside of the door entered. 'Take this man to the guard-house,' was the brief order, and the careless officer found this night on a hard plank under guard."





LORD GUILTE'S REVERIE.

"Show steal the shadows round the hall,
The sun-rays slowly fade,
Adown the heavy curtains fall
Of purple and brocade.

"The faces of my lordly race
Are pictured on the wall;
In lip and eye the serpent trace
Of sin is over all.

"As false as fair those dainty dames,
As false those knights of old,
That loom from out their massive frames
Of lustrous white and gold.

"There is an atmosphere of doubt
Hangs over house and race,
A subtle film that steals about
The glory of thy face.

"And yet 'tis love alone forefends
Thine absolute repose,
Ah! love alone so sweetly blends
The lily and the rose.

"All modestly those fringes fall
Adown thy bloodful cheek,
O'er herald eyes that blazon all
The love, love may not speak.

"Oh, modestly their sister stars
Wheel up the steep of night
Their troop of iridescent cars,
And tremble out of sight.

"If mortal gaze be too intense
On night's star-jeweled mine;
More exquisite and subtle sense
Of purity in thine.

"And never lord of lordly Guilt
Brought home a fairer bride,
Oh, never graced with lordlier tilt
The rapier of his pride!

"Yet, oh! the brides to Guilteford Hall
Have brought their share of shame,
I wot the fairest on the wall
Was but a worthless dame—

"The fairest, save thyself, of all
The ladies of my name:
Of all the beauties of Whitehall
Amid their scarlet shame—

"Her legal lord was twice forsworn
On his false gartered knee:
She fell between her love and scorn;
A gallant, faith, had she.

"His ire was that he might not speak:
He smote—and well I wot
The bloody gash across her cheek
Was not a beauty spot."

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Loet Sir Masingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLV.—AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

I CANNOT think that the postman, in this my district, W., who deals out Birth and Death, and Happiness and Misery, and Ruin and Competence every morning of his life, save Sundays, to one or other of his fellow-creatures, does ever himself receive a letter; otherwise, he could not surely go about his work with such methodical impassibility. I have watched him taking his morning round—the one which is the most big with fate, since little comes by the afternoon post except bills and invitations—I have often watched him, I say, distributing his momentous missives, and not a feature alters, whether he hands in the black-bordered envelope, which the fingers of the recipient do not venture to open, but hold in their trembling grasp, while the lips murmur a silent prayer: or the scented *bullet-douz*, which the lover tears asunder in his haste, but the maiden hides in her bosom till she shall be alone. Nothing interests him except a registered letter, at which (notwithstanding that he must know it brings its welcome with it) he grumbles and repines, because he has to wait while we sign our name. At Christmas, though he must know that those enormous oblongs he brings are bills, he has not so much as an "I'm sorry for you;" and an underline "Immediate," in red ink, which sets tingling all the blood in one's body, does not afflict him nearly so much as a trifle of insufficient postage, without being reimbursed for which, he is quite prepared to take the urgent document away again unopened: he doesn't care tuppence—yes, he does care exactly tuppence, and that's all. Upon Valentine's Day, indeed, he may show some signs of human sympathy, but that is a mere conventional and passing enthusiasm, and one which is incidental to his profession.

Now, the country postman is a very different person from this red and blue automaton of the town, and does not hold himself so high above human affairs. *Homo est*. He is a letter-carrier, and he considers nothing which letters contain to be beyond his sympathy, or out of his beat. If you want to get acquainted with a country neighborhood, I know of no better plan than that of accompanying the postman in one of his morning rounds. What an interest he takes in the letter for Widow Chareall, the hard-working, honest soul, who comes out of the cottage and down to the garden gate with her bare arms damp from the washing-tub, and her three chubby children hanging about her skirts, and who thinks it must be a mistake, for who, alas! is there left to

write to her now, and, indeed, for the matter of that, whoever did write, for her poor dear John was no scholar. But the postman assures her that for her it is, and for no other, and lingers whilst she breaks the seal, and learns with genuine pleasure that a bit of money, it seems, is coming to her, about which John always used to talk with a certain vague hope.

Then away by the short-cut through the park, where the deer do not raise their heads at the sound of his well-known footfall on the path, nor the hares at their morning toilet mistake for a moment his letter-wallet for a game-bag; and so by the range of stables to the back-door of the Hall, where, if the footman is not in the way, the cook relieves him of the Hall-bag, which she unlocks with her floury fingers, sets these for master, those for missus, and that on foreign paper for the eldest young lady with a grin, which our peripatetic friend reciprocates, for does he not know all about her engagement to the young soldier-officer in the Indies?

At the Manor Farm, again, he has a friendly chat with the guidwife, whose husband is away at the cattle-show in town, and who takes counsel with him as to the propriety of opening that letter with the Westportown postmark, which she feels certain is about the heifer, and ought to be seen to at once; but finally decides to abide by his advice, and to "let it be," particularly since Mr. Leasehold is so very singular in the respect of "never thinking anything can be properly seen to except by himself." He is not in such a hurry, is a country postman—although between his stoppages, mind you, he steps out with such vigor that conversation is rendered well-nigh impossible—but that he has a cheery word for all he meets; and when he approaches the house of sorrow, such as Pampas Cottage, he finds time to remember to omit to wind his horn; and when the lady of the house, in deepest mourning, herself steps forth to meet him, his voice has something in it which expresses his sympathy.

Thus it happened, at least, with the postman from Westportown—just recovered from his late ailment, and therefore perhaps more full of the milk of human kindness than usual, upon a certain morning which I have in my mind. Mr. Hepburn had stood by him upon a certain occasion when he had been wrongfully accused to his superiors by Old Frumps, Lord Absentee's agent and bailiff, of having kept back some letter for twenty-four hours, in order to save himself trouble in the delivery thereof; nor were Christmas-boxes neglected at Pampas Cottage, nor was the offer of a glass of ale in inclement weather altogether unprecedented at that hospitable little house.

"I have two letters for you, ma'am, this morning," observed he, respectfully—"one on 'em franked." And if ever a face added, "And I trust it may bring you some comfort in your trouble, dear lady," it was the face of that genial postman.

This good fellow was well aware that he was speaking to one whose husband had been mysteriously snatched away but a few days before, and whose child had been as strangely stolen from her; but yet he deemed that a letter which was franked by a nobleman, and bore a seal with a large coat of arms upon it, must needs contain consolation. The other missive had by no means an aristocratic appearance. In the pre-envelope epoch, it was not so easy to turn out a neat-looking note as now, and the individual who had folded this particular document had either possessed a very indifferent eye for rectangles, or had accomplished this matter ingeniously (but still not well) with his feet instead of his hand; it had a number of those dirty creases upon it, each of which, like a wrinkle on the human brow, tells of failure and disappointment; and when all had been done and undone of which foolscap is capable, the wafer had been evidently too lavishly moistened, and then hammered down with a penny. And yet, without even a glance at its more imposing companion, it was upon this homely epistle that the eye of Mrs. Hepburn rested with anxious welcome.

"Thank you," said she, and while the man still lingered—"thank you, and good-day;" but she never took her eyes off that straggling superscription, which might easily have been accomplished, like the folding, by a tolerably plastic foot, and which was spattered all over with ink to an extent inconceivable by those who have not witnessed the modern method of transferring ferns to dinner-tables.

"It is the same handwriting," murmured she, "which warned me truly that—of my poor husband's fate. It can have no worse terrors for me now. What, then, if it offer some crumb of comfort—perhaps about my Milly?"

Reader, have you ever had a letter in your hand directed to yourself, and only waiting the touch of your thumb and finger, which yet you dared not open? A poor farthing's worth of paper, with a little writing within it, which you have no more ventured to unfold without some preparation, thought or spoken, of the heart, than one of the Wandering Race would have ventured to irreverently break into the Holy of Holies. If so, you may remember that, notwithstanding your faith in Heaven's mercy, you delayed that supreme moment again and again, and even endeavored, perhaps, meanwhile to interest yourself in matters of little moment—in the children playing in the street, or in sparrows fighting for a straw. Thus was it with Mildred Hepburn as, with that pregnant missive in her hand, she turned her attention to its fellow-letter, expecting to find in it, she knew not, cared not what, but something that might help her to put off for a few moments longer the plucking of the fruit of that dread knowledge-tree. But no sooner had her eyes lit upon the handwriting, than, with an inarticulate cry of hate and pain, she ran toward the house, exclaiming:

"Marion! Marion!"

Mrs. Carey, who had been watching her from the window, was by her side in a moment.

"See!" exclaimed the wretched woman, "this is the writing of Grace Clifford! Not content with gloating over the ruin she has wrought, she must needs write to tell me that it is her work. Yes—I tell you, yes; you do not know her yet, nor what her revenge is like. It would not seem to her to be complete unless she wrote: 'Niece Mildred, I am even with you now. That was my hand which struck you through those you loved.'"

"If she writes that," said Mrs. Carey, gravely, "she acknowledges a crime, and incurs the punishment."

"Ay, true," gasped Mildred. "Her cunning is as great as her hate—she has let me know it, then, by some less direct means—that is all. Take it—take it: it chills my blood to touch the paper over which the snake has trailed! What is it that she says? What cruel gibes? What subtle stabs? What lies? But no, I care not what she says. She cannot harm me worse by wicked deeds; why, then, should I let her wound my ears with her barbed words?"

Mrs. Carey took the letter, opened it, and read it slowly to herself.

"It is most audacious, barbarous and base," groaned she. "She hints, I fear, that Milly is at Cliffe—"

"Then let me hear," interrupted Mildred, passionately. "Nay, I will be calm, dear Marion. Please to read it out. One likes to know about one's dear ones—even how they die. What news is there of my little unprotected darling in the she-wolf's den?"

"Even she-wolves, as one reads, have sometimes been kind to babes," returned Mrs. Carey, soothingly. "I cannot think that any bearing the name of woman would harm a child like yours."

But Mildred only shook her head, and signed that she should read the letter out:

"NIECE MILDRED—I think that I have now no cause to owe you any grudge. However great may have been an insult in the first place, when the duel has been fought, the combatants, although in nowise friends, need be no longer enemies. They may even set together when their interests happen to be in common, which chances to be our own case. It is of importance to me that you should come at once to Cliffe. You will have nothing to fear in so doing, either from hate or love. My wrath is quite burned out; while as for Rupert, he is ill, poor fellow, and needs a sick-nurse more than ever. If the ties of relationship and your own natural benevolence do not move you to accept this invitation, we are not without another little attraction, or what I believe to be such. But this shall be a secret till you come."

"Ay, she holds my child," groaned Mildred, as Marion ended; and, as I have seen boys who have robbed an owl's nest carry home its young, and place them where the mother may hear their cries, and so herself be captured through her own loving instincts, so does this aunt of mine bait her fell trap for me with my very flesh and blood. Well, what then? I care not for myself what happens to me; and if I see my Milly once again—"

"Mildred Clifford," interrupted Mrs. Carey, solemnly, "the thing which we do in our despair is rarely right. Moreover, there is scarcely anything the doing of which affects ourselves only, and no other. While you live and are free, your child has a friend to avenge, if not to protect her, and to protect by the menace of avenging. This woman feels this, and therefore dares to get you into her power. She has made a mistake, as I think, in writing this letter. Her wrath has out-run her prudence, and carried her within reach of the law. There is much to explain in this, and which will have to be explained before judge and jury. But what is that other letter which you hold in your hand?"

"I had almost forgotten it," answered Mildred, sighing; "although, before I recognized Grace Clifford's hand, it seemed of urgent moment. It is from him who warned us of the man Stevens. You may read it also, if you please. There is nothing to be warned of now, and, alas! nothing to be told that is good tidings."

"But this is very strange," said Mrs. Carey. "Look you, the postmark is the same with that borne by the letter from your aunt. Why, this comes from Cliffe Hall, likewise!"

Certainly, at top of the page were scrolled those words above the date, which was the same as in Mrs. Clifford's communication. The rest of its contents were as follows:

"Widowed, but not childless woman, my heart bleeds for you. I have done what I could hitherto, and I have failed. Nevertheless, let me at least preserve what is remaining to you. Mrs. Clifford will presently ask you to come hither, relying on your love for your child, who, indeed, is here, safe and well. You will, doubtless, suspect a snare, as is only natural, but if it is a snare, it is for herself that Grace Clifford has set it. Come hither, and fear not. The unknown friend who watches now over your child will then watch over you also. It is true I have warned you in vain; but, as you have bitterly learned, not without there having been need of warning. I beseech you, put faith in me this time. If, by cutting off my own hand, I could have saved your husband's life, I would have done so, as God is my judge; nor in this do I boast, since the murderer Stevens (for he was the murderer) would have done as much, if he could have saved his worthless self. That man was Gideon Carr; the most dangerous of the foes who menace you and yours is therefore dead. You can count the rest upon three fingers—Grace, Clement Carr, and the man Octor. They are all here, but I am here also. Come, then, without fear.

YOUR WELL-WISHER."

With downcast head, and hands clasped as if in prayer, Mrs. Hepburn listened patiently, as patient before a priest, only at the word "murderer" a shiver seized her limbs as shakes the poplar when its leaves turn pale before the bitter East. When all was read, she took the letter from Mrs. Carey's hand and kissed it.

"I have faith in this man," quoth she, "who has taken pity upon the widow and the fatherless."

"What! and yet you have named him, nor

can even guess who he is?" cried the lieutenant's wife.

"Yes," said Mildred, firmly. "Is not that the very definition of true faith? This is no pretence or stratagem, I am sure. It never could have entered Grace's heart, with all its cunning, to snare me thus. There is no approach to that for any good, not even in seeming."

"But how strange, Mildred, that you can make no guess at who this friend may be; for kindness, not like that warmth which makes the quicksilver to mount the tube, unconscious of what sort of heat it be, whether from sun or fire, sets the heart at once inquiring from whence the genial glow proceeds that has so moved it. Friend recognizes friend, no matter under what disguise he does his loving service. All love you here, dear Mildred, to the humblest. Have you, then, left none at Cliffe whom you can accuse of honest fealty?"

"No one more than another, dear Marion," answered Mrs. Hepburn, thoughtfully. "They were all respectful to me—nay, even kind; but they could not forget, I think, that I was this woman's niece. They liked the Clifford race, their natural lords—and especially their late master, Ralph—but not the interloping Carrs. No; I cannot fix upon a single face in which so much of pity as this letter breathes has ever shewn itself."

"Then I would not go to Cliffe, dear Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Carey. "Remain here; or, still better, come to us. Set the law to work at once. Give this woman to know that if any harm comes to Milly, she herself will pay for it with her life. We do not live in times when murder goes unpunished, and far less dares, with its reeking hand, to point thus glibly at those whom it has made desolate."

"Ah, that was how my own dear Raymond used to speak," cried Mildred, with agitation. "You feel as he felt, indignant—nobly brave; but again, I say, you do not know this woman. She fears nothing—nothing—except that she should be thwarted in her purpose. I do not want revenge; I want my child, my Milly. If she would but say, 'There, take her safe and well,' I would promise never to molest her more."

"So would not I, then," cried the lieutenant's wife, with flushing cheeks. "What! forgive the wretch who set a man to slay my husband? No; had she twenty lives, she would need to look to them all. And if, in truth, she sat above the law, then without the law would I exact the penalty. I have no child, 'tis true, nor, as I hope, may I ever bear a child, if, having borne it, it should make me thus forgetful of my husband's wrongs—Pardon me, Mildred; I have a home unshattered, a husband living—I know not what it is to be forlorn like thee; or, perhaps, like thee, I should sit down content with any shred of comfort that the destroyer might permit me to retain, and almost thankful that so much was left."

For a minute or so, over Mildred's face passed traces of some painful inward struggle, but presently it grew calm, and even smiling. "I love you for your frankness, Marion, quite as much as for your charity. Some day, perhaps—not now—you will know how much I thank you for it; how my heart yearns toward yours. Perhaps, again, after this day and night, I shall never see you more; then God will thank you for me, and far better. May it be long, indeed, ere death o'er-shadow your dwelling, and may loss like mine be never known to your true heart. Nay, do not weep, dear Marion; it is your part, not mine, to play the comforter; and that you have done so, He will not forget, who repays human love with love divine. May He suffer us, in Heaven, if not here, to meet again."

"But what mean you, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Carey, through her tears. "Whither are you going?"

"I start to-morrow morning, Marion, for Cliffe Hall."

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE SLEEPING CASTLE.

THERE are few things that try the tender human heart so cruelly as the revisiting a home-scene from which Death, or even Absence, has taken away that which made it Home; for however dear the external aspects of nature may be to us—and to some they are very dear—it is the association which they possess with our loves and friendships which, after all, forms their most sacred charm. The wood may wave as greenly, the fountain leap as brightly, and the lake reflect peaceful sky as faithfully as of yore, but there is something missing to the inward eye, which mars their beauty more completely than if some drought had stripped the trees of every leaf, and robbed the stream of its song, and the mere of its silver flood. Nature seems cruel then.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see weary, fu' o' care!"

is a thought that stabbed many a breast before Burns so touchingly expressed it.

"Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flowery thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return."

Never—never. And yet the sun shines as in the days when it was wont to gladden us, nor has the treasury of heaven at night lost a single star. "From end to end," writes another poet, very different from the Ayshire Ploughman, but equally susceptible of this divine regret—"from end to end of all the landscapes underneath, I find no place that doth not breathe some gracious memory of my friend." But while he was with us, what had we to do with memories? All is changed to us, although the scene remains the same—lovely as ever, and ready to enchant new eyes; the heartless beauty smiles even upon us, who have found out her false hood. Yet nature is not false for being fair. It is we

who are altered, and not she. It is spring with her again, as it was with us once—ah, me, how long ago!—for she renews her youth-time yearly. The summer odors are as sweet now as then, and borne by the same bright clear air, which drive the self-same seas of meadow-grass, although their shores may shift a little (as those of ocean do) from copes to cornfield. The cradles of fresh moss, with their coverlets of wild-flowers, invite us as of old—only we are no longer children. The shadows flicker and pass athwart the face of the pool, and fade away into light (like a good man's death), exactly as they were wont to do; but in the faithful depths we see a wan, worn face, and the white head, where once the smile was mirrored and the crown of flowers. The garden, to our eyes, has become a wilderness, nay, a very place of tombs, beneath each of which is buried a dead joy.

Thus was it with Mildred Clifford, as her long, lonely journey northward drew to its close, and through the windows of the post-chaise she began to discern the well-remembered scenes amid which her love had ripened for him who was no longer with her. She had traveled all night, and at early dawn Ribble had shot up before her fair and green, with its great wall of limestone looking in the distance like a mural crown; Ribble, within which her troth had been first plighted. Then for many an hour her way lay through a land of rocks and streams, where every stone might have borne Raymond's name, and every ruiet babbled it, so instinct was it with his memory. The spring-time seemed to mock her with its joy. It was nearly mid-day when the wheels began to rattle over the uneven village street that led to the Hall gates. The last time they had done so it was when she fled with her lover on the very eve of her threatened marriage with Rupert. Strange to say, she felt less terror in thus returning alone to brave the malice of her aunt and the anger of him she had so slighted, than upon that occasion. She had then feared for Raymond, and listened for the clanging hoofs of the pursuer with a sinking heart; but now against him Grace Clifford had done her worst, which was so bad that even she was gladdened with it while was not Mildred there to be her child's protector—preserver from she knew not what, fellow-guardian with she knew not whom—and did it not behoove her above all things not to fear?

The post-chaise had drawn many a familiar face of child and woman to the doors of the hamlet, but the park itself, seen over the sunk fence, appeared unusually destitute of life for such an hour: no keeper with his gun, no laborer with ax in hand about the plantations, no blue-aproned bearer of vegetables from the kitchen-garden, no message-boy loitering on the path that led to the village—no external sign of life, in short, such as is ordinarily visible about a great country household, was there. The porter at the lodge, too, could not easily be roused; and while she waited, through the gilded iron gates the long avenue showed strangely desolate. As the cottage-door opened, she drew back mechanically, for she knew the man would start to recognize the face of runaway "Miss Mildred as was," but she could hear his well-known voice in expostulation with the post-boy.

"You know, my man, it's no use your bringing anybody here at this time," quoth Giles the porter. "Why can't you let a poor devil, who scarcely remembers what a night's rest is like, take a little sleep?"

"It is a lady, and I did not like to tell her," replied the other, in a tone so low that Mildred could scarcely catch the words.

"Nay," grinned Giles, "but that only makes it worse. The Master will have no such folk within his doors."

"Ay, but she comes to visit Mistress Clifford."

In a moment the gates were thrown back, and through her rail Mildred could see the porter drawn up in that most uncomfortable of the attitudes of respect, and shading his eyes with his hand, as though the glory of the exalted personage to whom he was doing honor was almost too great to look upon.

The deer, that had been wont to keep at a considerable distance from the avenue, were now feeding close beside it, and cantered nimbly off as the chaise rattled by; while the rooks, more easily moved than of yore, rose in a single cloud from the swinging branches, and like a household roused by night-alarm, inquired of one another hoarsely what was wrong; whereupon, some answered "Thieves!" and some cried "Fire!" and others (who seemed half asleep) murmured "Both! Both!" As the visitor drew nearer to the house itself, the peacocks on the terrace began to scream; but Mildred remarked to herself how strange it was that, save the deep bay of the blood-hounds, not a note came from the deep distant kennel where the foxhounds lay, and from whence such a tumult had been wont of old to issue in the daytime at the echo of hoofs from the courtyard. No sound of human tongue was heard, no cheerful noises such as the morning brings to every dwelling: no human face came to the blinded windows of the upper floors, and those beside the door were shuttered close.

"Is there death here?" asked Mildred of the post-boy, letting down the glass with a trembling hand, and thinking with agony of a small white face, growing pointed and thin, and cold little hands, which she had not been in time even to put crosswise over the aimless breast. "Speak, man, and tell me the whole truth."

"Well, ma'am," returned the young fellow, mitigating the Craven dialect for her benefit as well as his able, "it's what I can't inseason you about in a crack, but I'll not lee to ye. The Master, you see, he's odd, and will have nothing done in the daytime. All the folks here gets up at eve and goes to bed in the morning. It is mackly that they're all asleep, and will give me time to tell the tale before they answer the bell. Some folks has like brains, and some's an outburst; and Mistress Clifford, she has brains for herself as well as for Squire Rupert."

"But he must be stark-staring mad," exclaimed Mildred, involuntarily, "thus habitually to turn night into day."

"You've about hit the sticklebutt, ma'am; but 'mad' is a hard word and a bad one (here he looked cautiously around him) to speak of hereabouts. Besides we can't be neah when there's so much gear going. It would not be wise in the mistress to look him up like the rest of 'em. Better have a bairn with a mucky face than wash its nose off."

"Then this poor gentleman is only suffered to be at large to serve the purposes of another?"

"Nay, ma'am," returned the post-boy, apprehensively, "I know nothing myself—I only tell what I have been told; and if the great folk here should come to learn it, they would tak enouch at poor Toby Drayson."

"But what a dreadful hypocrisy, what an acted lie must all things here be!"

"Tush, ma'am, dinna flite," interrupted the other; "if leeing were choking, thear'd be hard gasping everywhere. And again, I say, speak not o' what I told ye. Ye braad o' me, I see, and have an honest, kindly heart, or I should never ha' spoken. But what name shall I say? for here is somebody coming at last."

"Mrs. Raymond Clifford."

"Saints and soldiers! What are ye braad o' them? Then I wish I'd never spoken. But folk see out when ther i' drink; and indeed, indeed ma'am, I made too free with the liquor this cold morning."

"Do not fear," returned Mildred, smiling. "I am not of their race, although of their name; nor am I and Mrs. Clifford such friends, although we are relatives."

"Then, for any sake," returned the man confidentially, "let us shog back again to Lancaster, while yet we may. Wae worth ye, if ye stay here, and be an unfriend of the mistress. Come; for your kind face, and the trouble in it, I will take ye back, and risk all—ay, though there's an ill-looking devil on the bridge yonder—I wonder where he sprung from?—loitering there for no good, and as much as to say: 'What we have stolen, that we keep.' Say the word, and I'll ride him down like muck. Let him take care of his taahs."

"Thank you much," returned Mildred, gratefully; "but I have come hither of my own will, and am not afraid to stay here." Nevertheless, as she looked back in the direction indicated by her new friend, and beheld the gaunt form of the man Cator standing upon the narrow way, as though indeed to forbid her egress, she felt that she had need of all her courage.

The next moment the door was opened by Mrs. Clifford.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A WEEK'S REPRIEVE.

"You have come at last, niece; I have waited for you long," said the Lady of Cliffe, letting fall her ice-cold syllables one by one, like drops from a petrifying spring. "If I do not take your hand, it is not because I am not glad to see you."

Resolute, severe, unbending as ever was Grace Clifford, in voice and gesture; but her fair features had suffered change. The brow was no longer smooth, and the lithe form had lost its rounded grace. Trouble, and what is worse than trouble, the anxiety of guilt—the dread solicitude of one who drives a chariot on a city wall, unfenced on either side, and dares not for his life look right or left, but always to his plunging steeds—had worn at last her wondrous youth away. Moreover, she seemed to take no pains to keep it; her attire was loose, and her fine hair unbraided, although it was plain she had not been roused from her bed, as other inhabitants of the Hall had been by this time. And indeed Grace Clifford, it was said, now never slept. Perhaps, had Ralph been alive, she would have contrived to retain her marvelous beauty, but now, as though aware it was of little use to her, she neglected it, unwomanly in that as in all else. A look of scorn, which had sat upon her when she first appeared, faded away as she gazed in Mildred's face and marked its calm resolve. Twice had her niece essayed to speak, and twice had she failed, but it was easy to observe that her inability did not proceed from fear. Even Tobias Drayson, who was himself by no means free from apprehensions, could see that, as, after lifting the luggage into the hall, he threw into his farewell scrape at the door a more genuine sympathy than could have been expressed from all the bows that Lord Clisterfield ever made in his life.

"Stay one moment," cried Mildred to this friend of three hours' standing, who was about to leave her in the keeping of her mortal foe. "There may have been some mistake here, after all. Mrs. Clifford, where is my child?"

"She is in Lucy Cator's charge—a servant new to you, I think, but very faithful. Must you needs see her now?"

"Here, and at once!" returned Mildred, resolutely. "I will not stir, except to leave this house, unless I see her—unless I hold her in my hands."

The hideous thought that had already pierced the mother's breast was again at work; she dreaded lest this fiendish woman, keeping her promise to the ear, might presently give to her orphaned arms her Milly—dead.

"Your child is safe and well enough," returned Mrs. Clifford, with a sneer; "this bell will bring her in three minutes. There!" She rang it. "But do not look so haggard, niece, for be sure I did not ask you to Cliffe Hall to play the mourner."

The cruel shaft sped not home; the mother had no ears save for the sounds she hungered for—the echo of a tiny footfall and the babble of a baby tongue. Tobias, too, with head aside, awaited them with not a little interest; and presently they came.

"Run, then—run to mamma," cried a woman's voice, not unkindly, and then was heard the pompous stagger of an infant's feet, and the caw that bespeaks pedestrian confidence; and like an

arrow from the bow, forth darted Mildred, and caught her child up as it strained, like hound in leash, to meet her from its nurse's hand, and hugged it to her breast, and kissed and fondled it, and rocked it to and fro, with murmurous, inarticulate joy.

No sooner had the first gush of grateful happiness passed away, than her eye glanced toward the door. It was closed; Tobias was standing by it no longer, and there was a dull sound of wheels.

"It will be better both for you, niece, and for your child," said Mrs. Clifford, in her sibilant voice, "not to think any more of what I read in your mind just now. You have foiled me once, it is true, but once with me is enough."

Mildred trembled.

"You fear," continued Mrs. Clifford, triumphantly, but speaking still so low that not a sound reached the nurse's ear; "you fear, and you are wise. You dare not risk so great a stake as that (she pointed to the infant, clutching in blind love its mother's cheek) upon a losing game. Mind, I would not have you marry Nephew Rupert."

"Marry him!" That was all Mildred said; but had she cried, "Thou murderer, with hands yet dripping from my husband's blood, how darest thou speak to me of marriage?" she could not have expressed more hate and loathing than did her shrinking form, that seemed to fear pollution from the woman's touch, and poison from the very air she breathed in common with her.

"Marry him!"

"No, niece; that is no longer necessary. But see you speak him fair, and promise what he asks for. There is no harm in humoring a madman. Thanks to you, Rupert has never been himself since when you broke your faith with him and me, and fled—as did your false mother before you—from kith and kin, to link yourself with their sworn enemy. I cannot quench the anger of my eyes the while I speak of it, but I have forgiven you this, and Rupert has forgotten it. He deems that every morrow is his marriage morn; and, therefore, that the night may pass the quicker with him than if, on a sleepless pillow, he lay longing for his gipsy bride, he turns it into day—hunts, shoots and fishes by moonlight, or by torchlight if there be no moon, and makes the name of the Mad Clifford a wonder and a jest the country through. And he is mad, too; so mad, niece, that if I did but tell him, 'That is Mildred's child, she that is widow of thy brother,' he would pluck her from thy arms, and dash her brains out on yonder courtyard stones; and yet the law would hold him harmless. But the law stirs not of itself; and if I have his name set to a certain parchment, written out and ready for his signing more than two years back, and which he would have signed upon the very day on which he called you his—your ungrateful girl—I say that even now, should he but sign it, there being no greedy heirs to wrangle with me and dispute my rights, the thing would hold, and all this goodly heritage, on which I have fixed my eyes these many years, and have yearned after that babe these ten days, shall henceforth be mine—mine—mine!"

Grace Clifford clasped her hands as though she were invoking a blessing from High Heaven upon her sinful soul—so rapt in greed, that for a moment she forgot the very presence of her niece. Then suddenly she swooped upon her with: "Thou darest not thwart me, Mildred; thou darest not come between me and such a prize! If loss of all thou lovest—who has already lost so much, and canst afford to lose so ill—has terror for thee, play me not false again! When wilt thou see Rupert?"

"Alas, Aunt Grace, I fear —"

"When—when, I say?" exclaimed the pitiless woman, not scornfully, as the winds beat and the rains fall, but fiercely, as the hailstones rattle and hiss. "To-day, to-morrow? A week hence, if you will have it so; but when once named, see you depart not from the time. I will not brook postponement for an hour."

"Then I will see him now," quoth Mildred, resolutely. "Here, at once. I am ready. Let him come."

"Fool, would you have him rend you limb from limb, you and the child as well? You know not what you ask. No, nor yet to-morrow. Those sunken cheeks must be plumped out, those eyes harbor no tears, those mournful garments be exchanged for others befitting one on the threshold of her bridal. A week hence it shall be. You hear me, girl? I do not mince my words; but do you heed, I will not take your silence for consent. Speak—speak, I say. What! you are contumacious? Lucy, take her child."

As the woman stepped forward to obey her mistress, Mildred cried, with passion: "I hear, I heed. I will do all you ask if I have still my child; without her, nothing. Rupert and you may rend me limb from limb, as you have said, but I will not be parted from my child!"

"Good," returned Grace. "For a week, then, you shall have her to yourself, and after that, if the parchment be not signed, shall take her whither you will; if not, then you will not be much together, you and she. Do you understand me, Mildred?"

"Yes, we shall be parted like my husband and myself," returned Mildred, hoarsely. "Let me go hence to my chamber. I cannot bear to look upon your wicked face."

"You are no flatterer, niece; but that does not affect me. My presence shall not vex you longer now, nor any more, unless your own conduct calls for it. Lucy, show Mrs. Raymond Clifford to her room, and see you never leave her night or day, as I have already charged you. Remember, a week hence, and you meet Rupert Clifford as his betrothed wife. Have I your word, Niece Mildred?"

"You have, Aunt Grace," answered Mildred, resolutely.

For is not "a week hence" a precious boon to be rejected by no human soul in present peril, and

least of all by a woman?—a very eternity of comfort, a space wherein a score of unlocked-for buds of hope have time to spring up, any one of which may blossom into the flower Safety?

A FREEDMAN'S WEDDING.

THE richest affair of the season came off at the office of Judge Starr. In order to give the reader a full insight into the case, it is necessary to start at the Mayor's Court, in which the case of an unhappy pair of old dardies was brought up for adjudication. It appeared that the venerable old couple had been living together as man and wife, but she said, "without circumstance of law." They brought a voluminous string of charges against each other, and taxed the Mayor's patience beyond endurance. The Court being unable to make head or tail of the affair, turned the case over to the Freedman's Bureau. They shot out for "de Bure," and the trial was at once taken up. After hearing all the facts in the case, that tribunal decided that they should be lawfully married for a with, and placing them under guard, sent the bride and groom to the office of Judge Starr, for that functionary to carry out the sentence of the Bureau. When they got to the Esquire's office, the guard simply stated to Judge Starr:

"Here's a couple for you to marry."

"All right!" replied the humorous justice; and the guard, not having an invitation to the wedding, retired.

"Just step in the back room," said the justice, "and I'll aplice you in grammatical style and apple-pie order."

The couple followed him to the room in the rear of the front office, and after explaining the duties and obligations, he requested them to join hands.

Bride—"I isn't gwine to do it; I doesn't want to haf nuffin to do wid dat nigger."

Groom—"I isn't 'fraid about marryin' wid de gal. I never lubbed de wench."

This protest opened the Esquire's eyes like "two full moons in the harvest." He asked what was the meaning of it, and just then a representative from the Bureau stepped in, and informed the justice that they were ordered by the Freedman's Court to be married, and he came up to see the sentence executed.

With this understanding, Judge Starr told the happy couple to join hands, which they did after much persuasion, and the following scene ensued:

Justice—"You take this man to be your wedded husband, to love, honor, obey, &c."

Bride—"No, I doesn't; I wouldn't hab a four-acre lot of such trash."

Freedman's Bureau—"Yes, we do, Squire. We take him. Go on with the ceremony."

Justice—"And do you take this woman to be your wedded wife, to love, cherish, &c.?"

Groom—"I tole you dat I isn't 'fraid. I isn't hankerin' arter de crow. I can lib widout de ole gal."

Freedman's Bureau—"Certainly, we do take her—of course we do—suit us to a single allapice. Hurry up the cakes."

Justice—"Then I pronounce you all man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

MUSSELS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.—This is one of the most important molluscs which the sea produces, even the oyster being scarcely of more value to the nation; for it is largely used for food, being palatable, mostly nourishing, and sold at a cheap rate. Its chief use, however, is for bait, its attractive properties being well known to all those who have had practical experience of sea-fishing. No one need be in want of a bait so long as he can find a mussel; and even when the lug-worm is employed, the mussel is often added to tempt the fish more powerfully. The cod-fishers depend almost entirely on this mollusc for success in their labors, and for their service alone the mussel is bred by millions in preserves, technically named "gardens." The details of this animal and its economy are extremely interesting. Generally, the mussel is a wholesome and nutritious article of diet. I have made many an extemporized luncheon on this mollusc, opening one shell by means of another, just as one walnut is cracked with another. It is equally good when stewed, fried, scalloped, or otherwise cooked; but it has one drawback—at distant intervals a batch of mussels turn out to be deleterious, and produce most unpleasant symptoms in the consumer. They are attacked with a singular variety of symptoms; they have nettle-rash breaking out all over the body with astonishing rapidity; they become giddy, are seized with a kind of fit, and then fall insensible. Sometimes they are palsy paralyzed, and sometimes they are seized with asthma. In many cases the symptoms have become so aggravated that the sufferer has been unable to bear up against them, and has died. And the most remarkable part of the business is, that no one knows the cause of these symptoms, no one knows how to detect the poison-bearing mussels, and no one precisely knows how to give relief from the suffering which this mysterious poison inflicts. The popular idea—and it is certainly a specious one—is, that the deleterious mussels are those which have been scraped off the copper bottoms of ships, and have been sold by the laborers in the docks. But as there are many instances where this remarkable disorder has proceeded from mussels that were undoubtedly taken from rocks or out of "gardens," this theory falls to the ground.

THE MAORI OF NEW ZEALAND.—The race is melting away; and if there were no more war, and the Europeans were to leave the country to-morrow, the extinction of the Maori, in an exceedingly brief period, is as certain as anything human can be. A very few figures will show this. In 1842, according to the best estimates which could be made, the number of Maories and other long residents in the country, their number was 114,000. In 1850 a well-informed Wesleyan missionary estimated them at 70,000. In 1858 a government census, generally supposed to be in excess, returned them at 55,070. The war and natural causes have, by this time, probably reduced them to 45,000. Carry on the calculation, and it is evident that the certain extinction of the race, except a few individuals, is a thing which many of us may live to witness. The great cause of this has been, and is, their utter disregard of all those social and sanitary conditions which are essential to the continuing vitality of the human race. The result is, the constitution of the Maori is absolutely decayed, and they do not produce children to replace the current generation of adults.

OLD PATERSON, whom Scott saw reviving the inscriptions on the tombs of the Covenanters, went to America, and became the grandfather of a Paterson, whose widow married the Marquis of Winton. The sisters of that Mrs. Paterson married the Duke of Leeds and Lord Stafford. The direct blood of Old Mortality went in another and as remarkable a direction. His granddaughter, Miss Paterson, was the first wife of George Bonaparte. The marriage was never "legally" annulled, and a son who sprang from it, the great-grandson of Old Mortality, is now on the staff of his cousin, the Emperor of the French.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—A correspondent, writing on the subject of the speed of birds, says that, as the result of numerous observations on this interesting topic, he has not the slightest hesitation in saying that the peregrine falcon is capable of attaining a speed of from 150 to 160 miles an hour; that the flight of the wood-pigeon is from 90 to 130 or 140 miles an hour; that the rock-dove is capable of accomplishing still more; and that the flight of the swift is as rapid as that of the wood-pigeon.

A DICKER FROM A COUNTRYMAN'S HAIR.—Horace Walpole relates that when the beautiful Countess of Suffolk married Mr. Howard, they were both so poor, that they went to Hanover, before Queen Anne's death, to pay court to the future royal family. Having a party to dinner, and being disappointed of a remittance, the countess was forced to sell her hair to furnish the "entertainment." Long wigs were then in fashion, and her hair being very long, fine, and fair, produced her twenty pounds.



THE BOWEN HOUSE, COVENTRY, RHODE ISLAND.

THE BOWEN HOUSE IN RHODE ISLAND.

In the town of Coventry, Rhode Island, about two miles from Summit Station, on the Providence, Hartford and Fitchburg Railroad, and about twenty-five from the city of Providence, stands the old BOWEN HOUSE, the scene of our present sketch. It was built by Israel Bowen, some years before the opening of the Revolution. Like the farm-houses of colonial days, it is a small, unpretending structure of a story and a half, with but four rooms on the first floor, and the usual huge stone chimney occupying a prominent position in the building.

In the year 1774 old Mr. Bowen had a remarkable dream, which left a deep impression on his mind. He dreamed that he saw a large army marching up the lane past his house, and that the soldiers made a halt on his own land. Their leader was a man of noble and commanding carriage, and his manner left a pleasing impression on the dreamer's mind. Israel related this to his family the following morning, with much seriousness, and he afterward frequently referred to the circumstance, and often expressed the belief that it was the forerunner of some event, as intelligence of the opening incidents of the war, one after another, reached his quiet rural home. In the course of the following year, after the British had taken possession of Boston, the old man died, and his house and farm passed into the hands of his son Nathan.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, and the army and munitions of war were transferred to the ships and transports in the harbor, and the vessels soon dropped down to Nantasket Roads. Gen. Washington at once, by letter, informed Gov. Cooke, of Rhode Island, of the movements of the British troops, and that it was his belief that their next attempt would be "against New York or some other southern colony." He then adds: "However, I should think (though I do not believe they have any design against Rhode Island) that it would be advisable to keep a strict look-out, and submit it to you whether it may not be proper, against the time you apprehend they might arrive, to call in a number of the militia, and have them posted in proper places. I do not

mean to direct the measure, but only mention it for your consideration."

This intelligence aroused Gov. Cooke's apprehensions, and he at once responded in great concern at the exposed position of the colony, begging the Commander-in-Chief, if he saw fit to order any of the troops in the vicinity of Boston to the more southern colonies, that he would direct their march to Rhode Island, by the sea-shore, that they might be at hand in case of an invasion.

About the first of April, Gen. Washington ordered Greene and Sullivan to march toward Providence with their commands, where he himself arrived on the evening of the 5th. Gens. Greene and Sullivan probably reached the city on the previous day, and they were followed by a detachment of Gen. Spencer's brigade (Col. Parsons's regiment) on the 6th. The remainder of the brigade, without doubt, arrived on the next day. As there seemed to be no special call for the troops to tarry in Rhode Island, they were ordered to proceed immediately for New York, by way of Norwich and New London. The Commander-in-Chief tarried for one day, and a grand entertainment was given in his honor at Hacker's Hall; but he departed on the morning of the 7th, accompanied by Adjutant-General Gates and several other officers, and must have rejoined some portion of the army at Coventry. History, however, is silent as to the details of this march; but one tradition reveals some pleasant incidents connected with it. Mr. Bowen's descendants declare that the troops did, in the course of this march, move down the lane (referred to in the dream of Israel) past the Bowen House, and bivouacked in one of Nathan's fields. It is also asserted that they stopped there an entire day. During this time, Washington's headquarters were in Nathan's house, and the room which he occupied as his bed-chamber is still regarded as an almost sacred apartment. In fact, it has ever since been preserved as the "spare chamber," and the antique bed now occupies the same position in the apartment that it did when the great man then rested his head upon its humble pillow. A few rods from the residence of Nathan stood the farm-house of Ichabod Bowen, a brother of Israel. Ichabod's little son, Joseph, then between three and four years of age, accompanied his father to the camp. It was a strange sight to the child. He expressed great fear of the soldiers, as he viewed their rough features and heavy muskets, and timidly clung to his parent; but the General, with much tenderness, took him in his arms, and spoke very pleasantly to him, assuring the little fellow that the soldiers would not harm such boys as he. He also invited Joseph to dine with him, and not only invited him, but compelled him to take a seat at the table, and treated him with so much attention, that he completely won the boy's confidence, who, eventually, lost all fear of the troops. He even left his home alone, and wandered to the quarters of the good man, as well as to the borders of the camp; and he afterward related how the General raised his chamber-window, and gave orders to the men, at the same time repeating the commands to his mother. Joseph also described a big-whiskered fellow, who paced to and fro at the entrance to the camp, and who asked him if his folks did not raise tobacco; and the child finished his story by begging his mother to allow him to carry out a parcel of the article, which was at that time stowed away in the barn. His request being granted, away he ran with his arms full of crude tobacco, to present to the soldiers.

It was with a feeling of regret that Joseph saw the General mount his horse and ride away. As the army resumed its march, the boy perched himself on the garden-fence and eagerly watched the receding ranks till the last glittering bayonet was lost in the distance.

Although Mr. Bowen lived to the ripe old age of

seventy-eight, he never forgot the visit nor the attentions of Gen. Washington, and all the incidents of the arrival and bivouac of the troops were ever fresh in his memory. He always referred to the circumstances with enthusiastic pride. What a volume it speaks in the praise of the Father of his Country that, amid the corroding cares and anxieties that, in this point of the history of the Revo-

with her husband on the farm adjoining the Bowen estate, where the old bedstead is preserved with a reverence coequal with that cherished for the name of Washington, and is shown to visitors with pleasure. A Boston antiquarian recently made a liberal offer for its purchase; but the family have set a value upon it that is not estimated by dollars and cents, and will by no means consent to its removal.

The only relics of the army which have been preserved are a large tin-box and a cartridge-box. The former was carried at the hind end of the army wagon, and was used for a feeding-trough; the latter, tradition says, belonged to one of the colored soldiers, and it is quite probable that Sambo received a whipping for losing it.

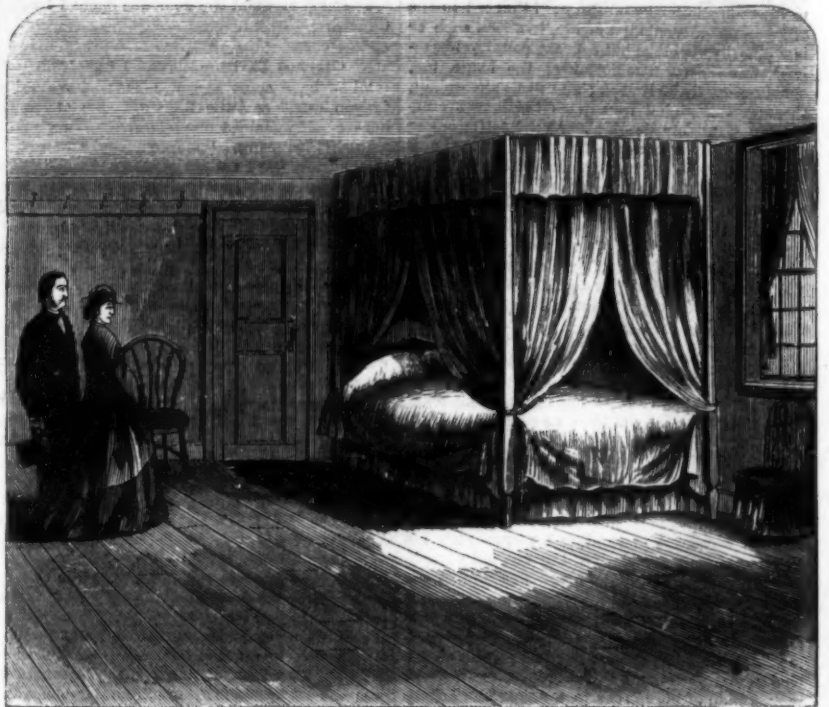
Joseph Bowen was never called to be a soldier, but he was always greatly interested in the militia affairs of his town. He was early commissioned colonel, and for years held that position at the general musters with a great deal of pride. His youngest son, Caleb T. Bowen, however, was among the first to enlist in the War for the Preservation of the Union, and served until the dawn of peace. He was severely wounded at Antietam, and was afterward taken prisoner, and endured many hardships in the rebel prison-pens; but he retired from the service, breveted colonel for meritorious conduct.

F. X. GARNEAU.

On this page we give the portrait of the late Mr. Garneau, the distinguished historian, who died at Quebec, C. E., on the 5th of February last.

His early career was not particularly remarkable, though it was characterized by the conscientiousness and strict integrity that shone conspicuously throughout his whole life. He was eminently fitted for the task of historian. He was a lover of labor, pains-taking to excess, and possessed a mind remarkable for its inquiring turn, together with a breadth and liberality of views rarely to be found.

It was in 1840 that Mr. Garneau, after having contributed several light poetical effusions to the literature of Canada, began in earnest his great work. The three years he had spent in England, France and Italy, had afforded him unquestionable facilities, by searching the public archives—in Paris especially—to collect materials, now and reliable, for the history of the colony. Later on, he went to Albany to study the contents of the



THE ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON SLEPT, AT THE BOWEN HOUSE, APRIL 6, 1776.

lution, must have been pressing upon his mind, he could condescend to show such marked attentions to a child! The sentiment that true greatness is often manifested in little acts, is verified in this tradition. It is another exhibition of that innate goodness of heart which led Washington, amid the honors of an entire populace, to pause and bless the infant Irving.

On the 6th of April, as already intimated, Col. Parsons's regiment, being part of Gen. Spencer's brigade, passed through Providence, en route for New York. As the Commander-in-Chief and suite did not leave the city until the following morning, it is probable that he overtook Col. Parsons at Coventry, or fell in with the remainder of Gen. Spencer's brigade, which was following close on Parsons's heels. In view of these facts, our tradition does no violence to history; and when we take into consideration the fact that Washington did not reach New York until the 13th of April, there is no doubt that a little halt was made at Coventry, it being the Sabbath.

An addition has since been built upon the Bowen House, and it has been otherwise improved; but the chamber which Gen. Washington occupied has never been subjected to any alterations. The bedstead, however, on which the General slept, has been removed, it having been bequeathed to a daughter of Nathan, while the house was willed to one of his sons. But another bed of antique pattern was set up in the same corner of the room, and care has always been taken to preserve the same order in the arrangement of the other furniture as was observed in the days of the Revolution. The daughter, long since married, now resides

valuable state papers which had been compiled in the French archives. His work embraces a complete history of Canada, from its first settlement down to the present time, and has been universally recognized as a standard authority.

On the 8th of February last, the *déce* of Quebec, without distinction of race or religion, followed the remains of F. X. Garneau to the new Belmont Cemetery, where a national subscription will shortly mark, by an appropriate mausoleum, the last abode of a great, good citizen, and an able writer.



F. X. GARNEAU, THE HISTORIAN OF CANADA.



SEAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SEAL OF THE SOCIETY

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Few organizations have accomplished more in a quiet way than this society. The gentlemen connected with it are active, earnest, and fearless, and, without any parade, have effectually put in operation all the provisions of the laws they were appointed to enforce. We are no longer shocked by witnessing the barbarous scenes that for years disgraced our city, and were more suited to the latitude and civilization of Dahomey than our own.

If men will act worse than brutes, they cannot do so with impunity, and the prompt arrest of a few offenders has wonderfully diminished the number of offenses. All thanks to the kind feelings and active exertions of the members of the society. On page 268 we give a *fac-simile* of the seal adopted by the society, and impressed on all its official proceedings. The emblems indicate the object the society has in view and the character of the work it is doing.

A HINDOO FAKIR.

THIS is one of the so-called holy men of India. According to the belief of the Hindoos, these are the very holiest characters, who cannot do anything wrong, and are therefore worshiped by the people. They spend their time traveling from city to city, and in the guise of sanctity really do great harm wherever they go. They carry a bag, in which they place the money and food collected from their deluded admirers. They are really great knaves, and would not be tolerated in any country where superstition did not sway the multitudes.

As their influence and existence depend upon keeping the masses in ignorance, the Fakirs have been found the most bitter opponents to the progress of civilization and Christianity. Our illustration shows the fantastic dress and appearance of one of these impostors, and it is difficult for us



A HINDOO FAKIR.

to conceive how such repulsive barbarians can secure the regard and confidence which are so universally accorded to them. Modern institutions and enlightenment are gradually forcing their way even into India, and in a few years these Fakirs will lose their power, and be remembered among the relics of the past.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

THE display of anger in animals, in their native state, is often terrible and majestic. There are many of them that never meet without a battle, resulting in the death of one or both of the combatants. The following description of a fight between two snakes, witnessed by a gentleman in Virginia, illustrates very forcibly the terrible fierceness of animal passion:

He was sitting one day in a secluded spot, when his attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise at some paces distant, and looking round, he beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble-field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions.

They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, appeared in an instant firmly twisted together, and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. Their heads were compressed to a very small size; their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried toward a ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping, half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in a similar attitude, and prepared to resist.

The scene was uncommon and beautiful, for, thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake still seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, he pulled it back from the ditch.



A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

To prevent a defeat, the latter took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for his fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the convolutions which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled, but pulled in vain; and, in the moments of greatest exertion, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes appeared on fire, and ready to start out of their heads.

At one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched; the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary, in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate, victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; until at last the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident, they both plunged into the ditch.

The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, and they soon reappeared on the surface, twisted together, as in their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it stifled and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than abandoning it to the current, it returned to the shore and disappeared.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

WHILE the late Admiral Sir Michael Seymour was in command of the Amethyst frigate, cruising in the Atlantic, one of the look-out men reported a strange sail bearing down upon them, which appeared to be water-logged and abandoned. Her deck was soon observed to be just above water, while her lower mast alone was standing. Not a soul could be seen aboard, but there was a cab-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew.

It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael ordered the ship to be put about, and dispatched a boat, with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-men might save from death. The boat rowed toward the drifting vessel, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea, close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cab-house against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarcely to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength.

The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this remnant of mortality, and so small was it in bulk that a lad was able, with his own hands, to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life. It tried to move, and the next moment muttered, in a hollow tone, "There is another man."

The moment Sir Michael heard these words he ordered the boat to push off again for the wreck. The sea having now become smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding it, and, on looking into the cab-house they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunken posture, the hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and the hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a scrap of food which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. The unfortunate men had lived on their scanty store until they had not strength enough left to lift the last morsel to their mouths, and had remained for many days in this condition; and the boat's crew, having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's com-

pany engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the survivor. Sir Michael committed him to the special charge of the surgeons, who spared no means which humanity could suggest to achieve the object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow-creature whom gaunt famine had stripped of almost every energy. For three weeks he scarcely left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand, and at the end of three weeks more the "Skeleton of the Wreck" was seen walking on the decks of the Amethyst, and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin-boy, presented the figure of a man nearly six feet high.

A Sunday a Century Ago.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible from time and decay, evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire, or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections, as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book, and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbéd characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby, who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered, could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs—they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet

I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an ax; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand!"

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment, and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing—a voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure; it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! Look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it?" I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid block-head? There, go out of the house—do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings, and heard her sing; I tried hard to get



THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh, happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old, withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path, with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said:

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds, on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserable, unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time—I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday, there and back, did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her; not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes. As she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered. Not that I sang; I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good—very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I had in the world to be able to play anything. My son's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat—stitch, stitch—at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy—beautiful; and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for; and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse, should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it," and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practiced, morning, noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh! that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor and my parents there, and heard the doctor say:

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "Delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "Stupid!" "Awkward!" and "Unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother, "the like was never heard. We saw you there, and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecelia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sat in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the edifice as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

SARDINES.—The lovers of the "little fishes billed in tin" should know that the fish which furnishes them with such a delicious repast belongs to the herring family. The popular name was given to it by Cuvier, who was the first to assign it to a distinct place in the fishy tribe. He called it *sardinia*, from which it is known as the sardine. Sardines are caught principally along the coasts of Brittany and, to a less extent, in Portugal. The fish-rises employ a large number of men and women. The fishing vessels—of eight or ten tons each, and carrying a crew of from six to ten—go out two or three leagues from the land, and watch for shoals of fish. When they see them, they spread their gill-nets for them, and scatter on the water the bait that has been prepared, and which consists of the eggs and flesh of fish, especially of cod and mackerel, and sometimes of salted fish. Large quantities of sardines are taken in this way. Some are salted on board and others are carried on shore, and either sold fresh or prepared for shipment. For the latter purpose, they are salted and packed away in tin cans, with melted butter and olive oil, which is poured upon them in almost a boiling state. The cans are sealed up to prevent the air reaching the fish, and are then ready for shipment.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"PRAY, sir," said a judge angrily to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

DEFENDING HIS HONOR.—A merchant signed a temperance pledge, but his friends seeing no improvement in his habits of life, remonstrated, as in duty bound. He defended his honor, and to wipe off all stain, produced the document which he had signed, and showed that it was invalid, as it was without a government stamp.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks, and the other false keys.

WHY is a church singing-book like a school-house? Because it is full of little hints.

"You're a wit and a scholar," said Tom to Dick.

"I can't say the same thing," said Dick, "about you."

"You might," said Tom, "were you reckless as I am, and as careless of saying the thing that is true."

A CHURCH in Baltimore has its motto upon the outer walls, "To the poor the gospel is preached." One morning these words were found painted under it, "Not here, though."

FOOTE has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as "a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures or medicines kill him." Howbeit, blessing and honor, may we, he upon the head of the true physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and love. As Lamb says: "There is healing in the very creak of his shoes, as he comes up the stair." There be those, however, in every community, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker.

"Do you eat well?" asked one of our modern pill-vendors, who was in the process of manufacturing a patient.

"Yes, very well."

"Do you sleep well?"

"Yes."

"Eh?—you do, eh? That's not exactly the thing for one in your condition! I'll do away all that for you. Take four of these every morning, and four after dinner. You'll soon see a change!"

WHY is a book-keeper like a hen?—Because he has got to scratch for a living.

A FASHIONABLE party is now called a "daughter-torture party."

LIKE cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

THE last dressing for the hair is the "Stephens's Pomade." It is a Head Scenter.

A CHAP being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man to attain so much education, answered:

"I didn't—attain—I just heard—here—and—there—and was too lazy to forget."

A GENTLEMAN was always complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last, papa-in-law becoming weary of these endless grumblings, and being a bit of a wag, replied:

"Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her tormenting you any more I shall disinherit her."

The husband never again complained.

"JOHN, I am going to church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should rain down."

The gentleman went. It did rain; but John had gone to the other end of the town to see Mary. His master came back with drenched garments, and a look of implacable anger.

"Jo n," said he, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?"

"Because, sir," replied John, "it rained slanting."

A PRUDENT and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty dollars, and she was worth sixty-two; and, whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd dollars."

A GOOD story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a Marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits; I think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, drily. "The very first expression your lordship used, convinced me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your dearest friend; as you began to get better, I was your good Bouvart; and now I am Mr. Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

CAMELS, angry cats, and cross wives always have their backs up.

A BACHELOR geologist is acquainted with all rocks except "rock the cradle."

ARTISTS may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

"MATCHLESS misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

WHAT musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D.D.

WATER isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

UNUSUAL old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

A MAN who marries a frivolous, showy woman fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a millstone.

REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

MRS. DOWDY says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop!"

"HAVE you no shame, sir?"

"No, neither of us have any; you, because you have no sense of shame; and I, because I never do anything to be ashamed of."

"HAVE you decided whether to make your son a soldier or a lawyer?"

"No; but I will as soon as I can settle in my own mind whether it is best for him to live upon the blood and misery or upon the vices and follies of his species."

In a recent case of assault, the defendant pleaded guilty.

"I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

THE following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master: "Maris Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

THE first question asked about a stranger when he enters a room varies according to the country in which he happens to be. In France, it is, "Is he received at Court?" In England, "How much has he a year?" In Holland, "Is he solvent?" and in Germany, "Is he of gentle blood?"

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

There is something amusing and gratifying in witnessing the utter disfigurement of our late enemies and revilers in Europe. Men and p-riodicals, who, for years, only spoke of the United States as a thing of the past, and its system of government as an exploded fallacy and unsuccessful experiment—who sneered at the prowess and deplored the prostration and bankruptcy of the country, have now notably altered their tone, and are fain to confess that they were short-sighted, ignorant, prejudiced and utterly wrong in all their vituperations and conclusions. The latest penitent at the confessional is the London *Morning Post*, one of our bitterest defamers and opponents. It pleads, as a sort of excuse for its errors of judgment, that, at the outset, the war "appeared to be one of those tremendous convulsions which come once in an age to herald a new order of things"—just as if it had not, in fact, not only heralded but brought about a new order of things. By what other designation can we characterize the emancipation of four millions of men and eternalizing a nation? The *Post* continues:

"That we did not estimate correctly either the resources or the tenacity of the great Western people and their noble representative, Abraham Lincoln—the representative of their energy, their simple firmness, their downright courage—is now very plain to us all. We were mistaken. We have learnt what the Americans knew before, but of which we were previously ignorant—that we were both unacquainted with the character of the American institutions and the Americans themselves. This is our offense plainly stated. It is one of which the rest of the civilized world is as guilty as ourselves. * * * Historical precedent led us to presuppose that the Union must fall to pieces; and, probably, the shrewdest divination was exercised by those Germans of small means and large faith who invested their savings in American securities at a time when 'greenbacks' were looked on doubtfully; for these Germans trusted to their instinct, and instinct was the only thing to rely upon at that period. * * * The hereditary animosity toward the mother country which Americans supposed to exist among themselves has really no existence. The idea of it springs from a consciousness of strength and a spirit of rivalry, and, perhaps, some recollection of old wrongs. But that recollection, at any rate, should be put aside, now that they have had experience of the trials of government; nor can the rivalry endure after the display of their strength, which created admiration and amazement as a thing unexampled in the world's history."

A MONSTER ENTERPRISE.

AWAY up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, so high that water and air lose their respective gravity, and sticks of wood refuse to float on its surface, is a beautiful sheet of water, called Lake Tahoe, by 1,600 feet the highest body of water on earth over navigated by a steamboat. Surrounded by mighty peaks, whose summits are clothed in mantles of eternal snow, while they look down on valleys where eternal summer reigns, this lovely lake seems beyond the reach of civilization, and consequently doomed to solitude forever.

But science has already seized upon it as a fit subject for another of her triumphs, and a daring engineer, one Colonel A. H. Von Schmidt, has determined to turn its vast volume of water to a practical use. He has incorporated a company with a vast capital, and will actually commence the work at once of tunneling the mountains to draw its pure waters to the California side. The waters are to be turned into the channel of a stream and carried to the hills which skirt the valley of the Sacramento, thence through the country among the Placer mines, down the level of the Capital City, thence across the valley toward the coast range, and ultimately to San Francisco. This enterprise would, if carried out, supply a dozen interior towns with delicious water of a purity unknown elsewhere, provide the miners with water to carry on their work during the dry season, irrigate thousands of acres of now unproductive land, making it to blossom as the rose, and lastly, supply for all time to come the teeming millions who will inhabit San Francisco.

It will be a life-time to carry out the plan in all its details, but Von Schmidt, who engineered to completion the Spring Valley Water Works, by which San Francisco is supplied with water from a distance of forty miles, is confident of its feasibility. The route by which the water would reach San Francisco is nearly two hundred miles long, but nevertheless Von Schmidt is thoroughly in earnest, and as we said, proposes to commence work immediately. To any man who has scaled the dizzy heights of the Sierra, and seen the tremendous obstacles to be overcome, the project looks like the freak of a disordered imagination; but the child may be already born who will live to see it a fact accomplished. *Quem scire?*

AN ENCAMPMENT IN THE LYBIAN DESERT.

By night the desert is more romantic than by day, but at the same time more dangerous. As the power of sight is now limited, the circle of safety is contracted to the most immediate neighborhood, and both during the march and in the encampment every creature to keep as close as possible to his fellows. By day the caravan consists of but one long chain; by night this is broken up into six or eight smaller ones, which, marching close together, form a compact square, of which the outmost lines are occupied by the stoutest and boldest. By moonlight the shadows of the camels, as they stalk along, produce a curious and impressive effect. During the dark, starless night everything is full of horror, and to go one step distant from the side of the caravan is equivalent to leaving the home circle to plunge into a desolate solitude. In the hall by day each one occupies whichever place may please him best. At night, on the contrary, a compact camp is formed under the direction of the Keffran beki. The bales of goods are heaped up in the middle; around them lie the men; while without, a wall of defense, the camels are laid, tightly packed together, in a circle. I say laid, for these wonderful animals squat down at the word of command, remain the whole night motionless in their place, and, like children, do not get up the next morning until they are told to do so. They are placed with their heads pointing outward and their tails inward, for they perceive the presence of an enemy from afar, and give the alarm by a dull rattle in the throat, so that even in their hours of repose they do duty as sentinels. Those who sleep within the rayon find themselves in immediate contact with these beasts, and, as is well known, they have not the pleasantest smell. It often

happens that the saline fodder and water which these animals feed upon produce palpable consequences for such as sleep in their immediate neighborhood. I myself often woke up with such fancies. But no one takes any notice of such things, for who could be angry with these animals, who, although ugly in appearance, are so patient, so temperate, so good-natured and so useful?

CHINESE JUGGLING.—While walking on the bank of the river near the junction with the Grand Canal, I saw some clever juggling. A boy fourteen years of age performed the needle trick in an exceedingly expert manner. He commenced by sticking a dozen of common sewing needles upon the end of a piece of wood, and showed them to the lookers-on. I examined one of them, and found it to be an ordinary sharp-pointed needle. Having done this, he placed them, one after the other, between his lips, and sucked them slowly into his mouth, and to all appearance, swallowed them. He then walked round the circle with his mouth open, and allowed the people to look into it; but nothing was to be seen of the needles. He then took a crystal ball, about the size of a walnut, and placing it between his teeth, drew it into his mouth, and to all appearance swallowed it—as he opened his mouth, and it was not visible. He then made an effort as if bringing it up from his stomach, and ejected it from his mouth, repeating this performance several times. He next took a long piece of thread, passed it up one nostril, and brought the end out of his mouth, moving it backward and forward by the two ends—the one hanging out of his nostril, the other out of his mouth. He then pulled the string out altogether, introduced it again into his nostril by snuffing it in, and seemed to swallow the whole piece of string. He again swallowed the glass ball, ejected it, and immediately afterward drew the thread out of his mouth with all the needles strung upon it. This is really a very clever trick, showing wonderful powers of stowing things away in the mouth—the more so, as he was talking the whole time. A great amount of skill is exhibited, and no small degree of risk must be run in performing this trick, as Mr. Lockhart mentions a case that occurred at Shanghai, where the needles that had been introduced into the mouth, ready threaded, slipped down and became impacted in the back part of the throat, and caused death the fifth day afterward.

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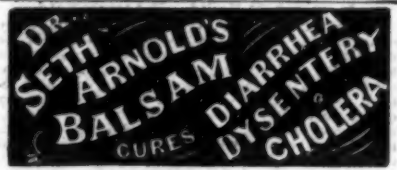
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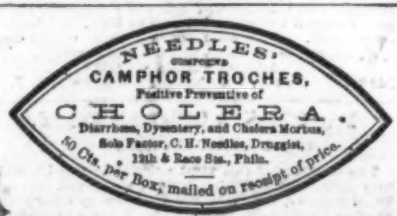
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